

"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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For Terms and Notices, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### MY SHIP.

BY KATE CAMERON.

MY ship went down beneath the wave,  
No ripple marks its silent grave;  
The wild winds sing no requiem,  
What was that tiny barque to them?  
And there is nothing left to tell  
The fate of what I loved so well.

And other ships go sailing by,  
O'er waters smooth, 'neath cloudless sky,  
They heed not that one sail has gone  
That once the sun shone brightly on;  
But while their onward course they trace,  
I only see a vacant place.

I stand upon the drifting sands,  
While ships come in from distant lands,  
And listen to the joyful sound  
Of voices shouting, "Homeward bound."  
Alas! that song can never be  
Sung on the barque sent out by me.

Ah! weary hearts that wait in vain,  
For steps that come not back again;  
And tearful eyes that see no more  
Your loved ones on life's hither shore;  
Fain would I comfort you—or save  
Your fair ships from the hungry wave.

O! every day some ship is lost,  
By winds and tempests rudely tossed,  
Laden with hopes and dreams so bright  
Their absence casts a shade like night;  
And we stand watching on life's strand  
For treasures that ne'er come to land.

Ah? were this all, well might we weep  
For precious wrecks sunk in the deep,  
Did we not know that they await  
Our coming at the golden gate;  
And in the haven of the blest,  
Beyond all storms they are at rest!

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### THE TROUBLE OF CHILDREN.

SCENE IX.

JOHN's last expression was, "Mother, how can you be so kind to a disobedient boy, that has made you so much care and trouble, by going to that wicked circus." She replied, "Because a disobedient boy needs very kind friends around him, else they will not bear with him until he sees his fault, and returns to obedience. Any other than a kind mother would cast him off, and let him float into the broad stream of vice that has its outlet in the bottomless deep of perdition. The Bible says

that "the way of transgressors is hard," yes, very hard indeed, plenty hard enough to bear, with all the kindness of friends around them. Boys that grow up transgressors make very unhappy, as well as wicked men. The deeper their transgressions, the more wretched they are, until they sometimes end their own existence, and their "sin kills beyond the tomb." The way of transgressors is very hard, in this life, and their "wages is eternal death." But Christ opens up the "way of peace" which "they have not known." Repentance lifts the load of guilt which our disobedience has heaped upon us."

All this time John's sobs could have been heard in the next room; the heart's fountain was stirred. Soon as he could command his voice he said, "My dear mother, I have been repenting ever since my disobedience sent me away from you that afternoon to the circus; I was very sorry I had gone there before the storm came on, and when I found myself crushed under the platform, I felt that it was just what I deserved; I have felt to thank the Lord ever since, that he spared my life to repent, and that I was not killed, as Ben Morse was. But I feel to-day as though "my sins were forgiven," and I have wanted to tell you of it all day. His sobs interrupted him again, and he "wept bitterly." Sin makes the bitterest tears, and repentance makes the sweetest.

"Though your sins be "red like crimson, they shall be white as snow,"" responded Mrs. Brown, while John's utterance was choked, and again, "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "No, He didn't 'cast me out,'" sobbed he—"but sent the good ladies of the 'Home' after me—who cared for me and found me this nice home—and you have borne with my wicked words and ways—and I have disobeyed you—and brought on you and myself all this trouble—and you are just as good and kind to me all the time as though I had been a good, obedient boy—I don't see how you can be so. If you would scold me or abuse me some way it seems as though I could bear it better than all this kindness, when I am so bad. Can you forgive me, dear mother, for all these wicked ways? I do abhor myself for doing so wrong, I shall never make you any more such trouble." Tears of godly sorrow flowed freely—let them flow. "My dear son, you are freely forgiven. Now give God your whole heart, for in His strength alone can you

live a better life. Trust not to your own resolutions, but trust in Christ, and He will make you better, and then it will be easier living a better life." 'Tis the "goodness of God" that leads wicked men "to repentance," and 'tis the "goodness of mothers" that often leads wayward boys to repentance. Oh! that overflowing goodness. Oh! that boundless, bottomless, shoreless, unfathomed depth of divine love that is ever laying the feet of a wicked race, and yet how averse they are to come to its cleansing fountain. How reluctant to plunge beneath its healing wave. The great controlling power of the universe is "goodness," "good to the evil and the unthankful," "overcome evil with good." "If thine enemy hunger feed him, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." John was a good illustration of this passage, for he felt the "coals of fire" which the goodness of his mother had been heaping "on his head," for he had no excuse for his sins to her. He felt that his sins were so much deeper, because he had sinned against her "goodness."

To sin against so good a mother, and far more against so good a God, was the sharp "two-edged sword," piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. John felt the "Balm of Gilead" healing the moral bruises that sin had made. The "Great Physician" undertook his case and he was a new-born soul. Emotions of gratitude too big for utterance arose spontaneously from Mrs. Brown's, overflowing heart. The favorite phrase of the Psalmist gave the best utterance to her feelings, so she shouted, "Praise the Lord." That evening, as the husband, son, mother, and "new-born babe" in Christ, each successively offered up their acceptable sacrifice of a "broken heart" and a "contrite spirit," the angels of God had a special gathering on the plains of Paradise with Gabriel in their midst. Many of the "spirits of the just made perfect," were there, among whom were John's own mother, whose vagabond husband still disgraced the earth. Her last prayer was one consecrating her infant son to God, pleading that he might be saved from vice, and her ministering spirit had been sent forth to minister to her child, who is now an "heir of salvation." May we not suppose she stood near Gabriel with golden harp in hand, ready to strike the first note of praise. And Margaret Prior, too, having finished her "walks of usefulness" on the earth, in behalf of children early lost, now



prepared to fly on errands of mercy, her "willing spirit," no longer retarded by the "weak flesh," could go with the rapidity of thought with glittering harp in tune.

Mrs. Douglas who packed with her own hands a box for the "Home" for eighteen successive years, and did good execution for the homeless in a variety of ways besides, we doubt not, was now busy amid the throng with harp in hand. A multitude of other "ministering spirits," who have gone up from their "Home" labors, were hovering near, and as the angels began their rejoicings over the "one sinner" who had repented, the "ministering spirits" caught the note and swelled it to a mighty chorus, saying, "Glory to the Lamb, who hath bought us with His own blood and redeemed us." The angels could not sing it, but how often have the redeemed echoed it over the limitless plains of paradise, "Hallelujah to the Lamb," is their favorite chorus, and as they disperse on errands of love, their long, white robes and glittering crowns tell the story of men's redemption, and their faithfulness to Him who has redeemed them.

John was a changed boy, he and his mother took great comfort in talking and praying together after this. The tedious hours of his confinement were greatly relieved by reading the precious word of God to his mother while at her work, and singing those sweet revival hymns which have fed so many "babes in Christ." "I need the precious Jesus," was a hymn that he could sing an hour without stopping or tiring. While singing it he would say to his mother that he thought that some one who wrote that hymn must have known that there was just such a poor, blind, disobedient sinner as he was, and that he needed just such a precious Jesus to forgive him.

John's two months were nearly out, when he was to try to walk. He had already used his foot in playing his melodeon some, he said it "made a joyful noise to the Lord," and he wondered if it was not as good a noise as King David's harp made. He soon recovered the use of his limb, attended school the following winter, made good progress in his studies, was often seen in the weekly prayer-meeting and often put up the prayer, "Lead me not into temptation."

Mrs. Brown had not yet relinquished her desire to change localities. She still urged Mr. Brown to look for some town where the two boys could have a higher grade of educated manhood as examples for imitation. Mr. Brown could not yet see the great necessity of the change. The past season had been unusually productive, and a heavy crop of unsold wheat lay on his hands, which would bring but fifty cents per bushel; consequently, farming did not look very inviting for the next year, and as the financial motive is too often the prevailing one with husbands on whom rest large responsibilities, he began to talk very favorably of a change the next spring. He soon had an offer to rent his farm on good terms, and Mrs. Brown gave her testimony in favor of its acceptance.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

HARK! the gospel trumpet's sounding!  
Bounty's offered—peace and rest,  
Grace to rebels still abounding!  
Come! whoever will, enlist,  
'Neath the glorious, all-victorious  
Banner of the cross of Christ.

Marching through a hostile country,  
Where temptations great assail,

Station at each sense a sentry,  
Lest such o'er the heart prevail;  
Being strangers, placed midst dangers,  
Watchfulness will much avail.

Take the helmet of salvation,  
Gird on truth and righteousness;  
Promised stores of ammunition  
Use, with prayer and every grace;  
In the battle, strong and subtle,  
Yield to nought that mars thy peace.

See, Messiah in His grandeur  
Conquering leads his chosen on  
Having such a good Commander,  
Rout, or foul retreat, there's none.  
Pressing onward, in the vanguard  
Till the palm of victory's won.

Shout, the resurrection matin!  
Death, the grave, and hell despoiled,  
At His chariot wheel, is Satan  
Dragged in triumph—chained and foiled;  
While in heaven, thrones are given  
Those who with Him fought and toiled. J. P.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### ONLY A PENNY.

Concluded.

Mrs. BAKER was a Christian mother, her first teachings had been the love of right and the fear of wrong doing, but she, like all others, was not a perfect character, while in some things she was firm and strong, in others she was weak and yielding. To herself she was abundantly self-denying, but in ministering to her precious little ones she had tenderly resolved they should never feel a want her love or industry could supply. "It is only a penny"—easier to give than to withhold, and so the children had been indulged in almost every fancy. To be sure, the habit had worn a more serious look of late, when retrenchment had become a necessity and failing health made a dark cloud before the future, but she had not yet been earnest in practical reform. Educated to what? was the silent question, as she lay ruminating upon the sofa. If she had before been blind to her loving error, her eyes were open now and her quick perception made ready and honest reply. To a thousand trifling wants, that are, as Kitty says, only a penny—tastes in dress and personal expenditure which no future prospects justify or sustain, to the relish and indulgence of delicacies which stomach and brain could well relinquish, to mental wants and acquirements which must be sacrificed if the externals of life are to be regarded of the first importance, to the habit of making many wants and of looking upon them as so many necessities. All this, and much more, the mother thought as she listened to bright arrangements for dresses and dollies, presents and pleasures, in which were mixed no plans for self-denial, no contrivances to make a little do as well as much and make the old be fair as new. She did not disturb the play-hour with rebukes or chidings, for conscience told her that the responsibility of this rested much upon her own mistaken fondness.

The new book was purchased, just as Laura said, from mother's purse, because it was a necessity of the school-room, but no problem it contained was so great a discipline to the young student's mind as the circumstance of its purchase was to the mother. "And now, my daughters," said Mrs. Baker, after reminding them of the conversation of the afternoon, and talking at length upon the consequences of such habits as we have observed, "what shall we do? We all see how this way leads to wrong, and that in our present critical affairs it is both foolish and wicked. We can no longer spend as we would for ourselves and for the charities we have so much at heart;

there must be retrenchment and denial somewhere, and we wish to come fully up to our duty in this as well as in other things; do we not? So I have a plan for you both, each of you is to keep an exact account of money spent, and bring me at the close of every week a correct report. Then you are not to spend a single penny for anything unnecessary—not one for a luxury, an entertainment or a gift, without my especial permission."

The plan had not a pleasant look, but the girls consented, and the first week of self-denial at length passed away. It is strange how many trifles became necessities on Laura's list—how many shoe-strings, crayons, sheets of paper, ties of ribbon, skeins of embroidery thread, bits of fabric, and the like; almost as strange is it that Mrs. Baker should so often have permitted the pennies, so much needed elsewhere, to find uses of mere convenience or pleasure. Not wonderful is it that the lack of firmness should stare her once more in the face, as she read from the account books, of this concert, that half-hour's ride and the extra magazine. So conscience held another consultation with reason as she sat holding the glasses that look far down the future of those young lives. "We must try again, my dear children," was the conclusion of their conversation, "and with an improvement in our method; this time neither of you shall spend the dime or even the penny, except as mother first says it is best; a broken crayon or a string once knotted must be made to do. Laura can be more economical with her blank paper, and Kitty may dispense with candies altogether."

The next week was harder than the first, some tears of anger and mortification were shed—the last made only of weak and foolish pride, but reckoning-day summed up an account quite in favor of the family purse.

"O, it does seem so little," said Laura, "when it is only a penny! I feel mean, mother, and I don't believe in being stingy, even to one's self."

"I have thought much about these things, my dear," said Mrs. Baker, "since that Saturday afternoon, and felt deeply and prayed earnestly over the matter. And I have concluded I must do this as a part of your education. You have not the hope of ever being rich, and I should fail in my duty now, as my indulgent love has heretofore failed, if I did not train you to better habits in the regulation of your wants and in the use of money."

"But, mother," said Laura, "you used to let us get things very often which you said we could do without."

"Yes, dear, I know," said the mother, "and I was thoughtlessly wrong. This discipline is for myself as well as for you; besides, if we take advantage of papa's forbearance now, the future may be—oh, darker than you can at present be made to realize. It is not mean, Laura, to deny one's self a supposed or even a real want; to regard only a penny is not being little when it is kept for a better use. It is nobler far to say firmly, No! to the demand than it is to yield about trifles because they are so small. We will try another week, and measure every want by reason and by the exact need of what we desire. I will bind myself by the same rule; which of my daughters will go cheerfully with me to the task of self-training in this part of education? We have talked about these things until you both understand me; we are looking, you remember, to those future years when there is no father's



house for you, no resource but your own capacities and attainments—nothing but self-dependence."

Laura and Kitty both promised to be very careful. Perhaps the coming Christmas did not wear so bright a look, and may be the item of cheerfulness was somewhat wanting in the arrangement they were convinced was wise and good. Laura's new arithmetic has no problem so difficult to master as this—the value of a penny in the lesson of self-education, and Kitty declares she hates hard times and account-books. Nevertheless, I am sure they will grow stronger in character, and in the end be much happier in heart for the present uncomfortable discipline. And when the father's factory has another name on the sign, and his house a strange face at the door, I know they will be glad that they learned how to save or how to spend, in the wisest manner, only a penny.

E. L. E.

## Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### A SPOT ON THE SOUL.

"COME now, Tommy, say true; did you do so?"

"Of course, didn't I say I did? Do you suppose I'd tell a lie?"

"I guess you did, Tom; I don't believe a crow flew so near that you could pull a quill out."

"You don't, eh! Do you expect to believe all the stories you hear—fish stories, newspaper stories, and—crow stories? Don't you ever tell white lies yourself?"

"Aunt Eliza says it is wicked and mean to tell lies—white lies or black ones."

"Well, she told a fib herself once; I heard her, she declared as solemnly as could be that she put grandfather's spectacles on the upper shelf of the book-closet; and come to find out, she never put them there at all; for after a deal of searching she found them on the second shelf below; there now!"

"She thought she put them where she said—she was only mistaken, and so it wasn't a lie. I say, Tom, aunt Eliza never tells lies."

"Well, I do, sis; and what is quite as bad, you believe 'em."

"I don't want to believe a lie, yours or anybody's; a lie is a great shame, and I hate lies."

"Yes, Mary," said aunt Eliza, "you should hate both lies and lying."

"And liars, too, I suppose," said Tom. "You didn't hear just now, how I reached up and pulled a quill out of a flying crow!"

"I hope not, Tom, and I am sorry you like so well to make up marvelous stories and tell them."

"But I don't tell real lies, though, like denying what's true or talking falsely, when I ought to be honest."

"But do you not know, Tom, that any want of truthfulness, even in play, soils the purity of the heart and weakens its power to resist all wrong? God says He hates the lying tongue. He cannot bear anything impure or untrue. Perhaps one never loses the effect of a wilful falsehood, it leaves such a dark, dirty spot upon the soul. I heard Mary saying, 'Aunt Eliza never tells lies,' and I trust, dear children, I can say it truly now; but I remember a few faults of my childhood that shame me

to this day. I will tell you of one, the first I recollect.

When I was a little girl I lived in the house with my grandmother, a stern old woman, who had very strict notions about children and neatness, and all that sort of thing. I used to love very much, as little girls are apt to do, to trip across the hall into my grandmother's room, and hang round her chair and sit by her wide, old-fashioned fire-place. One morning—I might have been eight or nine years old—there was a great storm and it was dreadfully cold. I was not very robust and I was much afraid of the cold, and that morning I so much dreaded the chill of water that I allowed myself to go to the breakfast-table without washing my face and hands. I believe I felt rather mean for that—and to think I had been remiss when my mother trusted me to be faithful in personal matters. After breakfast I went into my grandmother's room and little Lou followed. I can remember now just how the great fire of burning logs flamed and sparkled, and how comfortable I thought it was to sit with old puss, Tabby, in the ample corner. My little sister was not so quiet, and somehow, in her talk with grandma, the orderly matron asked her if she had been washed to-day. Lou said she had not, and the offense was punished by her being sent out of the room at once. Then grandma turned to me, 'Eliza, have you washed you?' I always dreaded grandma's rebuke and I was ashamed to own the truth. 'Yes, ma'am,' I answered directly, and was permitted to remain by the fire-side. But you don't know how I began, in a little while, to feel—so strangely and so bad. I felt as if something had come over me that made me more guilty and more ashamed than I ever was in my life. I had told a lie, and I felt that it had made me dirtier than any unwashed hands. In a little time I was glad to go out and wash me very clean, for then I thought what I had said would all be true. But it was not so, the dirty, guilty feeling still remained and I felt as if I must do something to take the guilt and the stain away.

Such is the nature of evil, children, that the poor sinner wants to do penance for his sin. Perhaps I did not know that to confess and receive forgiveness was the only way to find rest from an accusing conscience. I remember that I did not acknowledge and would not have dared to confess the fault, to my stern, exacting grandmother. But in the course of the day I did what penance I could think of, scarcely doubting but that would pay me for telling a lie and make up for the wrong. I took the coldest water I could get, and bathed my face and hands until they stung and smarted with the cold. But did that wash away the stain? No, I felt just as dirty as before, though I looked at my little hands and could not find a discolored place. The soiled spot was on my soul, it had not been washed, cleansed, forgiven. I felt all that day as if I needed to be bathed all over, and have my clothing washed, and be dressed all new and clean; and yet, if I had done so, the dirty, miserable, guilty feeling would have been there still.

This, perhaps, was my first great offense, and I do not think I knew what to do to get it off my heart, and so I bore the burden of that falsehood for many years. And what do you suppose made me so unhappy about that one fault? It was because my conscience was tender and had never been hardened by repeated acts of wrong. I dare say the next dis-

obedience made much less impression, and so it ever is—doing wrong makes us insensible to wrong, and the more we allow ourselves in little wrongs—white lying or any sin—the more are we gathering impurity upon our souls, and the farther are we getting from holiness and God. It is sad indeed when the soiled spots get so thick and black upon the soul that it does not see its impurity or wish to be made clean.

Be afraid, children, dreadfully afraid, if you ever come to that you can tell even a white lie, or do any little wrong, and not feel that you are soiled, shamed and miserable. I have done wrong many times since I told that falsehood—worse wrong than that—for which I joy that there is found a way of forgiveness and peace, but nothing ever impressed me quite so painfully as that transgression. I spent many happy days in childhood with Thanksgivings, birthdays, holidays and pleasures without number, but I have forgotten almost all; this one cold morning, when I told my grandmother the first lie, I shall never forget.

E. L. E.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### EARLY CALLED.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A LITTLE child sat beside an open window, gazing intently upon an open Bible that lay in her lap. It was evident that the page before her possessed a deep and thrilling interest, for her eyes never wandered from the words they were perusing, and she did not even raise them to notice the beauty of the evening, or the rich hues of the sunset clouds, piled upon each other in picturesque masses. It was one of the loveliest evenings of summer. The day had been calm and clear, and the sky without a cloud, and now the sun was sinking in golden glory beneath the mountain-top, and only his last lingering rays rested on the earth.

The childish figure sat motionless beneath the drapery of the curtained window, and although the merry voices and clear laughter of her playmates, resounding through the garden, fell upon her ear, she heeded it not, so absorbed was she in the book before her. She was reading the wondrous story of a Saviour's love, as she came to the touching scene when Christ took the little ones on His knee, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me," her eyes filled with tears, and kneeling down she asked that dear Saviour to take away her sins, and enable her to consecrate her young life to His service. Listening angels wafted that earnest prayer to the courts above, and it was there heard and answered, and from that hour she had the blest assurance that she was indeed a lamb of the blessed Saviour's fold. But she who had so early been called into the kingdom did not tarry long below. The Saviour called home His child, to dwell with him forever. After a short and sudden illness dear little Annie went to be an angel.

And now, dear children, will you not listen to that voice which is calling you, too, to come? Take upon you that yoke which is so easy, accept that service which is perfect freedom. Oh, hearken to that Saviour Friend, who said so sweetly, "I love them that love me and those that seek me early shall find me."

EVANGELINE.

HIM that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."



## OUR DAUGHTERS.

As this country grows older, the necessity increases of each individual being able to earn a living. Hitherto, we could better afford to allow our sons to grow up without the knowledge of any handicraft, as there were other avenues for employment; but already has it become important, in cities and large towns, that the daughters of a family should be able to earn something for the general sustenance of the household. Some give lessons in music, others teach school, too many, are driven to the heart-crushing, health-destroying, and life-wasting, stitch, stitch, stitch.

There seems to be a general repugnance against putting our daughters in public places, in shops, stores, and the like; and, as for making nurses and chamber-maids, and waiters, and cooks of them, it is not to be thought of—yet awhile. But we must come to it last. Other nations will cease to be able to supply us with hewers of wood and drawers of water—with carriage-drivers and menials for the household. The older nations fill these stations with their own poor; there is no sufficient reason why we should not do the same. That we should submit that our children should be nursed in their earlier years by those of a different religion, can only be accounted for by the existence of a false pride. The true wisdom of any denomination of Christians is, in giving the instruction and care of their children to those of a like faith with themselves.

In France, three-fifths of the females grown are under the necessity of doing something toward earning a livelihood.

It is very certain that the consciousness of not being able to make a support, casts many a girl on the street, compels others to marriages of policy, and takes from all, that independence of feeling, of character, and that self-reliance, which, of themselves, elevate, energize, and ennoble. Every year it is becoming less and less possible, even for the half of our daughters to marry men who can afford that they should do nothing towards earning a dollar. Hence, it is a true, a wise, and a high humanity, to study out ways and means by which young girls can be placed in circumstances by which they can sustain themselves—something to fall back upon, in case of being thrown on their own resources, by orphanage, widowhood, or unfortunate marriages.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## "FOLLOW ME."

WHEN our blessed Lord entered upon His public ministry, with these simple, yet comprehensive words, He called His chosen disciples to His service. Gladly they obeyed and for three brief, but so eventful years, that their record seems like that of a life-time, they followed Him. What did they see? Miracles of healing wrought, evil spirits cast out, the dead restored to life. This was much, but was this all? Wherever He displayed His mighty power, He also "spake as never man spake," urging all to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world, yet lose his own soul?" The meek and lowly loved Him, the proud and self-righteous hated and persecuted Him even to death, and on the cross ended the pure life of Him, "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." Shall we follow Him? Eighteen centuries ago He bade His disciples pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the then white fields, and in every age He has had His earnest workers, who have inherited the promise, "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." Still are there broad, white fields near you and me unreaped. As if to make our duty so plain that there can be no excuse for its neglect, He has told us what will be His words of welcome and approval to those whom He, when He shall come to judge the earth, will place at His right hand, "where

are pleasures evermore." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me." "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

H. E. O.

## SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERINGS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.) BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,  
Nor sorrow dim the eye,  
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,  
And none shall ever die.

Where is that land, oh, where?  
For I would hasten there:  
Tell me,—I fain would go,  
For I am weary with a heavy woe!  
The beautiful have left me all alone,  
The true, the tender, from my path have gone.

Oh, guide me by thy hand,  
If thou dost know that land!  
For I am burdened with oppressive care,  
And I am weak, and fearful with despair;  
Where is the land, oh, where?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before,  
This desolate path of life;  
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,  
Sorrow, and pain, and strife.  
Think how the Son of God  
These thorny paths hath trod;  
Think how He longed to go,  
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed woe.

Think of His weariness, in deserts dim,  
Where no man comforted nor cared for Him.  
Think of the blood-like sweat  
With which His brow was wet,  
Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone,  
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"  
Friend! do not thou despair,  
Christ, from His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

## Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1863.

THE delay in the delivery of the *Advocate* for March 16, in this city and vicinity, was caused by the severe illness of the carrier. Should any mistakes have occurred in consequence of the route being served by a stranger, our city patrons will confer a favor by reporting the same at this office.

Those who may change their place of residence on May 1st, are also desired to give timely notice.

## ENDOWMENT FUND.

*A Noble Gift.*—It will be seen by the following that the generous proposal relative to our endowment fund, referred to in the *Advocate* of February 2d, has been promptly met. Many thanks to the kind donor for this liberal gift. The example it presents, in these dark hours for our country, invests it with special value. Who can tell how many of those cast out and ready to perish, might be made glad should less than a score of others "go and do likewise," thus securing the one thousand dollars promised by the good Mr. Hathaway. When this shall be accomplished, it will no longer be truly said, as ever in the past—"The Home, with its large household and many claims, has no endowment."

Mercer, Pa., Feb. 23d, 1863.

Dear Friend,—I enclose a draft for \$500, for the Permanent Fund—the interest of the five hundred to be applied to the Home.

I hope to learn soon that others have increased the amount to ten thousand, as mentioned in the *Guardian*. Very respectfully, your friend,  
MARY HANNA.

## "TWO POUNDS STERLING" FROM NEWCASTLE.

THE following note from beyond the sea, has just come to hand. Our readers we are sure will like to see it in print.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Feb. 24, 1863.

"Dear Madam,—You will shortly receive the sum of two pounds sterling on behalf of Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is for the Home for the Friendless, and I am sending it because of the interest which my father took in this Institution, because of the pleasure which it gave him to hear of the money sent from America to the Lancashire work-people, and because of the strong desire he felt that our two kindred nations should act towards one another as with brothers' hearts. One of his last questions during his short, most peaceful, dying illness, was "if there was any American news." He was told that the George Griswold had arrived; he had been watching the winds for weeks, wishing it might have a safe and speedy voyage, and we were glad that we could tell him it had come. We were glad also that he had remained with us long enough to rejoice, as he did most fervently in the President's proclamation of freedom to the enslaved; and now he has gone, his ear and heart charged with this message to other redeemed spirits, announcing the melioration of our planet. None could take the message more gladly.

With thanks to some kind friend who has long sent us the *Advocate and Guardian* and the expression of true sympathy in your kind efforts, believe me, dear madam,

Yours, respectfully, A. M. PRIESTMAN."

As we look over this friendly token, the mind's eye rests on a far-away circle whose sympathies are all with the right. Parental and filial affection are there. The shadow of death stands also among the group; and yet in its very presence, our bleeding country is tenderly remembered, and that Christian charity is duly appreciated which led an afflicted people, oppressed with their own sorrows, to speed the good ship o'er the waves richly freighted with supplies for the destitute. Supplies for a land, many of whose noble lords have too long withheld from us that sympathy, which our mutual relations and professions should have prompted. There, too, on that dying couch, a soul full of love to God and humanity, just on the eve of its departure, is made exceeding joyful by an edict proclaiming freedom to millions of the down-trodden and the dumb. What, in its heaven-lit vision, are human pride and pomp and power, the frail and brief barriers that make enemies of nations. How do thrones and kingdoms, with all the sordid motives that so often sway the rulers and the ruled, dwindle into insignificance, compared with the eternal principles of truth and righteousness, and their universal prevalence over human hearts.

Those "two pounds sterling," from Newcastle have a double value. This is the first donation to the Home sent over the ocean, although many of the children of Britain have found shelter beneath its roof. Surely we did not expect the Geo. Griswold to elicit such a kindly response to our Institution. May the "strong desire felt by the good



father that our two kindred nations should act towards one another as with brothers' hearts," be realized very speedily. Should the spirit of Christ once come to prevail fully over all the powers of darkness, what achievements, for the benefit of our race, might these united nations accomplish.

MESSAGE FROM AN ORPHAN.

A Sabbath-school pupil in New Jersey, to whom our paper for 1862, had been presented by her teacher, expresses her gratitude for the gift, and adds, "I have joined the church the last year, and the perusal of the *Advocate*, was what induced me to do so. I am an orphan, am poor, and I feel for the orphans. Oh, tell them I want them all to give themselves to the kind Saviour, and be assured He will provide for them on earth, and when they die adopt them in Heaven as His own dear children."

With the young friend who writes the above, we have no personal acquaintance. Her letter awakened glad and grateful emotions, and we are happy to give her important message to the many orphans who read the *Advocate*, and who need, more than all things else, the "pearl of great price." Never were orphans multiplied so rapidly in our land as during the past year. Dear desolate, bereaved ones, how consoling to know that the Great Shepherd of Israel is ready to place His arm of love around you, guide you tenderly into green pastures, and beside the still waters, and "as one whom his mother comforteth, so to comfort you, if you will but early choose His service, and go to Him with all your sorrows. Will you not be persuaded to come now, just as you are, and give your whole hearts to the Father of the fatherless."

NEWBURGH GUARDIAN SOCIETY.

We have just received a copy of the first annual report of the Newburgh Union Female Guardian Society, and have perused it with much interest. Its author has performed her task most creditably, so presenting the work of the Society that it makes its own appeal, strongly commending the objects of its charities. We are happy to notice the well-appointed plans of the Society, and especially its success in establishing a Home for the Friendless during the first year of its operations, "whose aim is to be, not only the proper maintenance of the physical nature, but the culture of the 'spark immortal,' the education of the soul."

A charter has been obtained for the Home—an Industrial school for vagrant children connected with it, the city canvassed for objects coming properly within the scope of its charities, a band of efficient, Christian laborers enlisted, representing all denominations, wise plans devised and executed, and a good foundation laid for time to come. May these earnest fellow-laborers still go on and prosper till they shall have

searched out and rescued all the outcast and destitute children of their city, placing restraints and kindly influences around them that shall not only save them from pauperism, but make them a blessing to the coming age, and trophies of redeeming love.

NEED OF A REVIVAL.

"AWAKE, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city; for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

"Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God; they ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God."

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward."

From the Book of the Prophet Isaiah.

In every age and clime, where the truths of the Bible have been disseminated, there has occurred, from time to time, a deep upheaving of the religious element, and during its continuance earthly objects have occupied but a secondary place in human thoughts. Who, in our churches, has not participated in these seasons of precious interest? Who has not felt that could they be extended indefinitely, and made permanent, churches would all be filled, and prisons, theatres and dens of vice vacated.

At the present time, when there is such intense agitation and alarm, hopes and fears alternating, the destiny of millions apparently suspended on the issues of the hour, how great is the need of such an outpouring of Divine influence, that all hearts will be drawn to the Mercy-seat, all eyes turned to the word of God for safe counsel. We learn from the press that the respective governors of Mass. and Conn. have appointed the second and third inst. as days of special fasting and prayer. Would it not be well for the people of other states to unite heartily in this observance.

The passages above quoted afford the best possible directions for the right observance of such a fast. Through them a voice comes from the throne of God, making plain the path of duty, and promising unspeakable blessings, if these counsels are obeyed. Would we know how, as a people we shall obtain help from trouble, there is found the explicit answer. "Seek the Lord till He shall come and rain righteousness upon you," is a pressing injunction, applicable alike to every section of our land, and never more so than at the present period. It is encouraging to know that a spirit of prayer prevails in many Christian circles in city and country, and that its influence is spreading and fruits apparent.

The daily noon meetings in Fulton Street are so permeated by the Divine presence, that those privileged to attend always feel it

good to be there. Of the concert of prayer for mothers, the stated meetings of the Ladies' Christian Association and other daily and weekly gatherings, the same may be said. May we not hope and pray that ere long a deep conviction of personal responsibility to the great Lawgiver, will come to pervade the minds of those filling posts of influence, in high and low places, sordid and base motives be put away and the love of God and of duty incite to acts that Heaven can approve and bless. Though our guilt, as a nation, is of crimson dye, may we not hope that it is not too deep for repentance, not too deep for atoning blood to cancel—not too deep for Divine love to subdue? May not every Christian heart be led to wait continually at the Mercy-seat, seeking such an increase of faith as was felt in the time of Joshua and upon the day of Pentecost. Let such a blessing come, and what would it not do for our country and a dying world.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

HAVE you never seen the shadow of the dark-winged angel, enveloping some one dear to you as your own life, and nestling up very close to the beloved, heard with anguish the heart more and more languidly beat; the breath grow quicker, shorter, more difficult; listened with painful eagerness to catch the precious words that more and more rarely fell from the weary, parched lips; seen the eyes, that never looked upon you but in love, grow dim; watched the lines of pain deepening upon the brow; till upon the death-couch the dimmed eyes closed, the brow grew smooth and fair once more. As you gazed, did not all the love and hopes of a life-time pass in review before you, and would you not gladly have given up life, if only you might go hence, your chilled hand clasped in that beside you? But no—

"Only one crossing over  
Waters all dark and wide;  
Storms on the fearful billows,  
Peace on the other side."

You must stay a little longer, only a little longer, on this side the river of death.

And what did you do? Did you sit down in sullen silence,

"Only waiting till the shadows  
Were a little longer grown."

shutting up the new avenues opened into your tried heart, forgetting that,

"Make channels for the streams of love  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love hath overflowing streams  
To fill them every one."

How many are there now in our land, to whom has been denied the sweet, sad comfort of ministering to their fallen friends upon the distant battle-field; who know not yet who saw them fall, who bound up their wounds, who gave them the cooling draught, and received their last messages and tokens of love to the dear far-away parents, brothers, sisters, loved ones. Did any one do this for them, or did they die anguished, athirst, alone?

O, Death! broad and terrible is thy shadow upon the battle field. But a shadow darker than this, may fall upon life; the shadow of the second death. See it deepening in those cheeks and eyes. Strong drink is quickening



the fires of every evil passion in those poor souls, and their flames are consuming honor, self-respect, peace; and ere these lives of sin and shame shall end, men will say of them, "good had it been for them, if they had never been born."

Thank God, there is One "who turneth the shadow of death into the morning;" He whose rod and staff comfort the believer; the bright and morning Star; our Elder Brother, who openeth, and no man shutteth; and hath the keys of death and hell. With His name upon our lips, and His seal upon our foreheads, we, too, may enter the pearly gates through which our sainted dead have passed, and eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of its crystal waters: we too, may learn the ever-new, and ever sweet, song of the redeemed, and with them worship "The Wonderful, the Counselor, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Oh, blessed land where fall no shadows.

O. E. H.

#### HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

THE prominent feature in the record of the past month, is the admission of mothers, with their children. In several instances, where application was made in behalf of the children only, it was deemed advisable not to separate them from their mothers, and both were admitted. One mother of this class wore a face marred by sorrow. Her history is one of afflictions multiplied. She bore in her arms a little girl, two years of age, very much emaciated and of diminutive growth, but bright and pretty withal. It was one of a pair of twins, born prematurely, soon after the death of the father. So delicate were these wee things, that for a year they were cradled in a cigar-box by the side of the stove. One has recently died, as also an older child, and a brother, who had been a great comfort and support to her since her widowhood. She is left with a boy, six or seven years old, who is being provided for by friends. The little one she proposes to give up, but so much does it need a mother's care, that it seems wrong to separate them, and we take them in, hoping to find a home for both.

Another was the wife of a soldier, who was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels when last heard from. Young and inexperienced as she is, with no means of support, hope had speedily given place to despair, and she could see no way to do but to part with her only child. We give her a home for the present, with her babe, and encourage her to hope that a kind Providence will soon restore to them the husband and father.

A young Scotch woman, one of the many victims of betrayed confidence, who had struggled to support herself and lead an honest and upright life, could no longer face the world with the evidence of her guilt, and begged that she might be spared further trial and relieved of her infant. Both were admitted and we have had reason to believe that a relative, who had turned from her in coldness will relent and find a way to provide for the little innocent.

An American woman, whose husband had deserted his family some two years since, wished to give her two children into our care. Ascertaining that there were relatives in a distant city able to provide for them, it was thought best to shelter these homeless ones

until the parties could be heard from, or a way provided to send them to their friends.

In a neatly-kept apartment we found a young wife, sad and care-worn, whose husband had lain many months prostrate upon a bed of sickness. He was about being removed to the hospital. Physicians encouraged the hope that in a few months he would be restored to health, but what was to become of the mother and the two helpless little ones clinging to her knee, was a query that greatly tried and perplexed them. Our own minds were greatly relieved and we could not but participate in their joy, when later in the day, it was our privilege to tell them that the doors of the Home were open to receive them. The husband rapidly improved for a time under the excellent care he received at St. Luke's and everything seemed to encourage the hope that ere long they would again be a united and prosperous family. But this ray of light was not to last. Within the past few days he has been pronounced incurable and dismissed from the hospital.

Destitution, in some respects like death, brings frail mortals to the same level. Thus to-day do we find it in the Home for the Friendless. A daughter of opulence, nurtured in ease and elegance, once the expectant of thousands, takes her place with her little ones by the side of those who have known naught but sorrow and want since they first saw the light; and she who had never learned to help herself, now takes her first lessons from those who have ever struggled against the waves of adversity, ever expecting to do so until they reach the haven of rest beyond the grave. But a few years since this young mother refused to consent to an alliance, proposed and urged by her father, and left her home to become the wife of another; thus incurring the sore displeasure of her parent. Comfortable and happy with the man of her choice, all might yet have been well with them, had not too close an application to business of a literary character rendered him totally blind. Being deprived of their means of support and having neglected to prepare for a dark day, by husbanding their resources, want soon overtook them. The afflicted husband sought to earn a livelihood by giving public lectures and readings from place to place. His first remittance to his family was retained without reserve by the landlord, with whom they were boarding, who fearing he would get no more, bade them leave his house. Thus were they ejected from one place after another, until they found themselves homeless wanderers on the streets of this great city, and were saved a worse fate, perhaps, by the friendly hand that led them to the Home. Not like the prodigal, could she return to her father's house, for its doors were closed against her. Frequent appeals have been made to him in her behalf, but in vain. Her children are not disinherited, and even she is remembered in her father's will, yet what years of suffering may be theirs before they can, if ever, reap the benefit of even so much clemency, none can know.

A poor fallen woman, with a dear little girl, two years old, has been brought to the Home for the third time. Twice has she broken loose from the restraints of a pure atmosphere and Christian counsel, to return to her haunts of wickedness. Through the influence of the benevolent lady who has followed her through all her devious ways, she comes now, but, oh, how penitent and crushed in spirit. Loathing herself, she cries, "Oh, why have I abused

such kindness, why scorned such privileges? Oh, what might I have been but for my mad folly?" She readily consents to pass a probationary time at the Magdalen Asylum while we retain her child.

Two little girls were committed to us by their mother, who stated that her husband enlisted in the early part of the war, since which time she had heard nothing from him. It proved that he was no loss to his family, as he not only neglected to provide for them, but was exceedingly unkind.

An investigation of the case mentioned in the last report, of the Charleston family, who, in consequence of the war, had not only been deprived of their fortune, but also of their natural protector, proved most satisfactory, and the two children were received.

Among the many assisted from the Dorcas-room was a family reported as being in extreme want. Both husband and wife were blind, and were graduates of the Blind Asylum in this city. The husband had provided a comfortable living for his family until protracted illness had reduced them to their present condition. Being a professor of music, we succeeded in procuring him one scholar, which seemed to infuse new life and hope, calling forth many expressions of sincere gratitude from him.

To be continued.

#### REPORT OF HOME INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NO. 1.

THE stormy weather of the past month has had its influence on the school, keeping many of the younger pupils at home, but this beautifully bright day fills our hearts and seats at the same time.

On one of the very few pleasant days of this month, we were visiting some of our most wretched children. We generally choose a particular locality for the day and go through with all in that vicinity if possible. Our mission led us up one of those dark alleys, to reach the tenement where dwells little Katie, the deformed girl, her sister had not been in school for some time, and we were looking up absentees. So up that miserable staircase, in that dirty house, with its broken doors and windows, we went, and on the same old broken-backed chair, sat little Katie, just in the spot where she sat the last time we were there, looking as if she had not moved, since we saw her last. Just as forlorn and woe-begone she looked, as we entered, but no smile answered ours as we went toward her and gave her our hand. "How are you, to-day, Katie?" Without looking up she replied, "I'm well." "Where is your mother?" "In there," pointing to the bedroom. "Does she go out to work now?" "Sometimes, when she ain't sick." "Where is sister?" "Out begging, ma'am." "Have you had any dinner, Katie?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "Yes." "Have you any fire?" "No; they won't give her any coal." "But don't you get very cold, Katie?" "Yes," Sending a girl who went with us for coal and bread, we waited until a fire was kindled, and the poor little one had food. Poor little Katie, her lot is indeed hard.

Average number for the month, 134; Admitted, 15; Garments distributed, 220.

Respectfully submitted, E. M. HILLIKER.

A VISITOR at the Home said recently in reference to the Industrial Schools, "This is truly a Christ-like work, and calculated to accomplish much in redeeming your city from its deep depravity."



**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of DONATIONS to the Home for the Friendless, from Feb. 25 to Mar. 10.**  
(\$20 entitles the Donor to a Life-membership, and a copy of the A. & G. for life.)

## HOME.

<b>Me.</b> —Two Friends, Monson.....	10 00
<b>Vt.</b> —Friends, New Haven.....	2 00
Charles Carpenter, West Charleston, an. don.....	5 00
<b>Mass.</b> —Miss H. Richmond \$3, Mrs Dr Brown \$2, A Friend 50c, per Mrs L. Turner, W. Newton.....	5 50
Mrs A. L. Ellis \$3, Mrs E. Ramsdell \$1, freight, Warren.....	4 00
Mrs D. Frank Hale, Chicopee, an. don.....	5 00
A Friend, Charlestown.....	2 00
<b>Conn.</b> —Mrs M. Quintard, South Norwalk.....	50
George Hemenway, Suffield.....	10
Mrs Lee and her S. S. Class, Sprague.....	1 00
Miss C. Galpin, Berlin, freight.....	1 00
Sarah Brown Norfolk.....	1 00
Mrs C. L. Ayer, Colamer.....	1 00
<b>R. I.</b> —Mrs M. E. and Miss W. Langworthy 38c ea., Miss S. A. Langworthy 24c, Hopkinton.....	1 00
<b>N. Y.</b> —Mrs H. and Miss D. J. Evarts 50c N. Mexico Clara Wilbur 25c, Ebbie 15c, Dolly and Katie 10c each, a few friends \$3 15, per L. M. O. Dormal, Lowville.....	3 75
A. J. Gardner, Evan's Mills.....	1 00
Mrs E. Snow, Plank Road.....	1 00
A Friend, Katonah, freight.....	1 00
Julia St John, Walton.....	50
A Friend, Eagleville.....	09
Mrs M. J. Bryant, Cassville.....	1 00
Mrs S. Clarke, Clyde.....	50
Bal. of the legacy of Mrs Mary D. Warner, late of Palmyra, per Oren Warner, Executor.....	25 00
Ladies, Galway, per P. Clish, freight.....	1 25
Mrs Wm. Dean, Delhi.....	18
Mrs L. Phillips, Hanford.....	50
Miss Kate Snyder \$2, her little scholars 50c, Amsterdam.....	2 50
Mrs J. Seeley 1 00, with 1 00 the contents of her little boy's Savings Bank (Eddie, not 4 yrs. old,) Albany.....	2 00
Mrs F. Baker, Watertown.....	10
Mr Owen Davis \$1, a few ladies \$1, Palmyra.....	2 00
Little Jennie, earned by self-denial, Delhi.....	50
Friends, Preble, per C. D. Kinner, freight.....	1 00
Mrs Sarah Fawcett, Mott Haven, per S. Angell, (proceeds of old papers.).....	6 00
Mrs Ira Pitcher, for friends, Wayland, freight.....	1 00
The little son of Mrs S. Daly, Leonard Hollow.....	10
Mrs S. M. Chase, Searsbury.....	50
C. A. Dunscomb, Flushing.....	1 00
<b>N. Y. City.</b> —Mrs J. Sturgis, an. don.....	5 00
E. G. B.....	3 00
A Friend.....	37
<b>N. J.</b> —Miss E. S. Calkins and pupils, Passaic.....	85
<b>Pa.</b> —Maria Raymond, Waverly.....	1 00
Mrs Martha Wilcox, Springfield X Roads.....	1 00
Mrs C. J. Cowles.....	1 00
<b>O.</b> —T. H. Delamater, Litchfield.....	50
Friends of the Springfield Orphan Aid Society.....	5 00
J. Snedaker, Decatur.....	1 00
<b>Mich.</b> —Mrs James 1 00, Mrs Thorp 50c, Delta.....	1 50
Fanny C. Whaley, Chelsea.....	10
A Subscriber, Farmington.....	10
Mrs Haylet, Wayland.....	50
J. M. C., Benzonia.....	1 00
Mrs A. R. Miller 37c, Mrs N. Ford 10c, Albion.....	47
<b>Ill.</b> —Mrs Windess, Newark.....	50
Subscribers, Rockford.....	1 00
Mrs Louisa Tirrell, Morris.....	1 00
Lillie and Emilie, their own earnings, Elgin.....	50
Elly and Lucretia 10c each, Eva 5c, Walnut.....	25
<b>Wis.</b> —James Dixon, Oconto, per R. Sylvester.....	1 00
Miss Maria Dodge, Ottawa.....	1 00
Mrs J. K. Woodhead 1 00, her children 19c, Ripon.....	1 19
<b>Iowa.</b> —Sallie Cowgill 50c, A. Raley and E. Schooley 25c each, little S. A. Schooley 4c, Springdale.....	1 04
Mrs L. B. Cook 1 00 and 10c from her little Eddie, Marion.....	1 10
Mrs O. F. person, Sabula.....	50
<b>Canada West.</b> —Friends and Subscribers, Toronto.....	1 00
<b>Sandwich Islands.</b> —Mrs Ann M. Dimond, Honolulu.....	5 00

## WIDOWS' FUND.

<b>Mass.</b> —Mrs M. H. Fairchild, Middletown.....	56
<b>Conn.</b> —Mrs L. A. Thomas, New Haven.....	2 00
<b>N. Y.</b> —Zillar Phillips, Mansville.....	50
C. E. Wilbur, Lowville.....	1 25
<b>Pa.</b> —Mrs B. H. Wales, Springfield X Roads.....	1 00
<b>Ohio.</b> —A Friend, Milan, for special case, (gold dol.).....	1 50
<b>Ill.</b> —Mrs Wm. Talcott, Rockton.....	1 00
Mrs Wait Talcott, Rockford.....	1 00
<b>Iowa.</b> —Mrs M. J., La Grange.....	1 00

## ENDOWMENT FUND.

<b>Pa.</b> —Mrs Mary Hanna, Mercer.....	500 00
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## LIFE MEMBERS.

<b>N. Y.</b> —Mrs E. A. D. Fellows, Lima to constitute Members, for Life Mrs Orson Warner, Lima, Mrs S. E. Hollister, Batavia, N. Y. and Mrs E. B. Warner, Cassopolis, Mich.....	60 00
Dea. J. C. Jones, Jamestown, by request of his wife, Mary H. Jones, deceased, to constitute Life Members, Mrs Kate Davis, Jamestown, N. Y., Mrs Almira Northrop, Busti, N. Y., Miss Mary Norton, Troy, Minn., Mrs Mary L. Lincoln, Williamsburg, Vt. and Miss Carlissa Doolittle, S. Wardsboro, Vt., per T. H. Rouse.....	100 00
Mrs Sarah Palmer, on L. M. for W. Fund, Locust Valley.....	3 00
<b>O.</b> —Mrs Thomas W. Ladd, Cincinnati to constitute herself a L. M.....	20 00
<b>Sandwich Islands.</b> —Mrs Ann M. Dimond to complete L. M. of her daughter, Miss Sarah O. Dimond, Honolulu.....	10 00

**PACKAGES of CLOTHING, BEDDING and PROVISIONS, comprising barrels, boxes, parcels, with much needed supplies, for which the thanks of the Board are tendered to each and every donor, received from Feb. 25th to Mar. 10th, from the following named persons and places:**

<b>Vt.</b> —North Bennington, Mrs John G. Breckenridge. New Haven, a few friends, per Mrs P. R. Barton. Saxton's River, a few ladies, per Mrs S. J. Warner.	
<b>Mass.</b> —Warren, a few friends and young misses, per Mrs E. Ramsdell. Lee, Mrs Bathsheba Bradley, Jared Bradley, Miss Mary Hyde and others, per Mrs Alonzo Bradley. Southwick, Mrs M. C. F. Rood.	
<b>Conn.</b> —Sherman, a few ladies in the first S. District. Whitneyville, Ladies Sewing Circle, also Clara Birge and Maria Davis. Danbury, Mrs C. M. Stevens. Berlin, the ladies, per Mrs H. P. Porter.	
<b>N. Y.</b> —Galway, a few ladies, per Mrs P. Clizbe. Jamestown, a little girl, per Mrs J. H. Clark. Brooklyn, Miss M. J. Burge Smith. Moriah, Mrs L. Barton. Franklinville, Mrs Harriet Fay, deceased, Jimmie Fay and several friends, per Mrs M. S. Baldwin. West Beekmantown, Sew. Soc., per Mrs Adaline Comstock. Guilford, Sew. Soc., also Mrs Dorman and Philo Stebbins, per Miss Mary J. Dargavel. Florence and West Camden, Mrs L. E. Bates, Mrs S. L. Smith and other friends. McDonough, Ladies' Benev. Soc., per Mrs Mary Ann Fairchild. Smithville Flatts, Emma Dailey, Mrs McRoy and Mrs Caroline T. Hoag. Corning, Mrs A. M. D. Palmer. Middletown, Mrs Leonard Tryon and other friends. Katonah, Unknown. Vernon, a few ladies, per Mrs E. Judson. East Otto, Fem. Benev. Soc., Mrs C. Pratt, Mrs S. G. Tutill, Mrs Laura Bonestell and others. Lowville, a few friends, per Mrs L. M. O'Donnell. Seneca Castle, the ladies, per Mrs B. B. Gray. Valatie, Mr J. Carpenter. Wayland, Mrs Regole, Mrs Van Riper, Mrs C. Patchin & Mrs Youngs. South Salem, Miss Elizabeth Beers and Mrs E. Lawrence. Pittsfield, Cynthia Herrington, deceased, Ruth Herrington.	
<b>N. Y. City.</b> —Women's Central Relief Association. Mrs M. A. Whitney. Board of Education, per Mrs E. C. Benedict. Mrs Prior. Mrs E. Clark. Mrs Field.	
<b>N. J.</b> —Passaic, Miss E. S. Calkins and pupils.	
<b>Pa.</b> —Williamsport, G. C. Kinyon. Linesville, Mrs E. Frey, Mrs H. Graham, Alice and Hattie Graham, Master C. C. Dennis and others. Lawrenceville, Mrs M. Lichtenthaler.	
<b>Mich.</b> —Tecumseh, A few friends of the Home.	
<b>O.</b> —Eagleville, Ladies' Benev. Soc., per Mrs Rose Mills. Farmington, a few friends, per Mrs C. A. Page. N. Fairfield, Mrs Mary Roberts, Miss E. Treadwell, Mr Artman, Mrs S. Wakeman and others. Mt. Vernon, Hannah F. Gordon. Cardington, Elizabeth Shunk and Lydia Cook, per Mary W. Smith. Delta, Mrs Pettis, Mrs King, Mrs Waters, Mrs Wood and others. Pierpont, Mrs S. Slater.	
<b>Unknown.</b> —A small box of clothing.	

**TO DONORS.**—Small Packages, sent to the City by private hand, may be left at either of the following places: Hubbard and Gillette, dealers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 18 Cortlandt Street. Jas. O. Bennett, Commission Merchant, New Produce Exchange, Cor. Whitehall & Pearl.

**HOME WANTED,** for an infant, a boy three months old. Apply at the Home.

**PATENT MANGLE FOR SALE.** Apply to the Superintendent, at the Home, 29 E. 29th St.

## HOME INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.  
OFFICE, 112 & 114 BROADWAY.  
Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000 00  
Assets, 1st January, 1863.....1,746,495 68  
Liabilities.....75,549 64

This Company insures against loss or damage by FIRE, and the risks of INLAND NAVIGATION and TRANSPORTATION, on favorable terms. Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.  
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice President.  
JOHN M'GEE, Secretary.

## BOOKS—SPECIAL NOTICE.

Some of our books are out of print, and at the present price of material it is not thought best to reprint them. We have on hand the following, which will be sent post-paid at the prices annexed:

Home Whispers, plain muslin, 75c.  
Wrecks and Rescues, gilt, \$1.  
Walks of Usefulness, 75c.  
Bond Family, 25c.  
Harwoods, 15c.  
Saw Up and Saw Down and What Little Hands may do, 15c.  
Stereoscopic Views of "Home" Scenes, plain 25c each, or \$2 50 for the set (12); colored, 35c. each, or \$3 50 the set.  
Pernicious Fiction, paper covers, 2c or \$1 00 per hundred.  
Also:  
Guernsey's Homœopathic Domestic Practice, \$2 00.  
Letters to a Young Christian, 25c.

## MILL STONES, PORTABLE CRIST MILLS, &c., Manufactured by B. W. LEONARD, BRIDGEPORT, Ct.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

Postage on Canada papers, which should be sent with the Subscription price, 12c a year.

POSTMASTERS and others, desiring papers to be discontinued, will please send the name of the P. O. as well as of the subscriber.

The only safe way of transmitting funds, is by draft, payable to Mrs. Sarah A. Stone, Treasurer.

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, they would use the following:

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument at the request of the testator, and in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

## Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc., at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses.



## EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

*Dear Mrs. Bennett,*—In compliance with a suggestion in your paper, advising every reader of the *Advocate*, to give an extra cent, to make up the amount of \$2,000, our club and a few other friends send with the yearly subscription \$1.00 extra, sincerely hoping that every reader of the paper will do likewise. The prosperity which your Institution enjoys in the midst of trouble and distress, is a source of great pleasure to me, for you know how deeply I feel interested in your work. I think it was in the year 1846, when first I was introduced to you by a letter of the late Rev. T. Koaf of this city. You then presented me with a copy of Mrs. Prior's life, which has been read by many, and which I still possess, and I have ever since been a reader of the *Advocate*. What has God wrought since! Then, the Society possessed not even a rented building, and now what a handsome pile of buildings testifies to its growth. I have watched with interest the progress of the work, and each visit at the Home, has brought forcibly to my mind that passage of Scripture, "The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed," &c. Instead of one school-room in the Home as at first, there are now several, equally well filled with happy-looking children. The order and cleanliness of the Institution, and the kindness shown to the children is apparent to every visitor. I have seen the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, and the Orphan Asylum, of George Muller, with eleven hundred orphans, near Bristol, England; both Institutions are eminently useful in their peculiar sphere, and admirably suited to their respective countries, but I doubt if their system would work as well in New York as your Home does. One of the pleasant features of your Institution has also been to me, the apparently happy spirit of union among the managers and main supporters of the Home, for the printed list shows very few alterations but those occasioned by death or unavoidable circumstances. May the mustard-seed, already grown up to a tree, spread its branches far and wide, sheltering thousands of little homeless birds.

Truly, yours, LILLI.

Toronto, March 6th, 1863.

*A friend in Lenox, N. Y., writes:*—"There is a great deal done in our vicinity for the sick and wounded soldiers, and very large sums of money have been contributed for volunteers, but we will not on that account withhold our mite from your noble Institution.

May God grant that this thrice absurd, and ten thousand times accursed, rebellion, may fall on its "corner-stone," and both be crushed to powder, and that speedily."

*Another in Washington, Conn., says:*—"We welcome the visits of the "*Advocate*," and should be sorry to do without it. In the present crisis we cheerfully agree to its reduction in size, and trust your subscription list may not suffer from it."

It shall be enlarged as soon as possible.—ED.

*A teacher in Pa., writes:*—"I have for some time had charge of an infant Sabbath-school, and have frequently read to them extracts from the "*Advocate*" about the poor little ones at the "Home." A Sabbath since, I told them of some families whose little children often cried for bread, and asked them if they would not like to bring some money to buy them food.

The little girls and boys of the Congregational church Sabbath-school, second department, Beardstown, send enclosed \$1.50."  
Beardstown, March 5th, 1863.

*Good testimony.*—A correspondent in Ohio says:—While visiting a friend a few weeks since, the conversation turned on the subject of newspaper reading. After a lengthy discussion, the head of the family remarked, "Of all the papers that I read, there is none that does me the good that the *Advocate and Guardian* does."

*Another in West Newtown, Mass., writes:*—"Be assured the hearts of many have been greatly rejoiced at the decided and uncompromising stand you have taken in favor of liberty and against oppression. We bid you 'God speed' with new interest and courage, hoping that while this cruel war is making desolate so many hearts and homes, the Lord will raise up many generous donors, who will feel that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive;' thus enabling you to soothe and cheer some of the many widowed and orphaned ones, whose hopes and joys have alike been buried in the soldier's grave."

Monson, Me., March 3d, 1863.

*Mrs. S. A. Stone,*—Please find enclosed five dollars each, from "two friends." Their prayers that you may receive all needed aid in your labor of love, will accompany the gift.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## HIS MOTHER PRAYED FOR HIM.

An Army Incident.

BY JACOB EATON.

THE day following the fiercely-contested battle of "South Mountain," was serene and beautiful. The mountain, so recently canopied with smoke and lurid with the fire of conflict, looked as pleasant and peaceful from afar, as if it had never been crimsoned with human blood and covered with the slain. With that sad curiosity which every soldier feels, I visited the mountain's crest, where the most desperate struggle had taken place. Near here the loved and lamented General Reno fell while trying to rally one of our shattered regiments. The determined and gallant charge of the Michigan 17th had heaped the ground at this point with foemen slain. After walking a long way among the mangled and gory dead, I sat down to rest a moment and reflect upon "the horrors of war." Near me lay one who had fallen with his arms outstretched and his face to the earth. His features were youthful, but manly, unlike the fierce and rigid countenances of the surrounding dead, his face seemed to wear a saddened smile. "He was beautiful in death." A nicely-folded letter had slipped from his pocket as he fell, and lay beside him. It was a tender and touching message from his mother, and was in substance as follows:

"My dear son,—You are ever remembered in our prayers. We greatly miss you from our family circle. Be sober, be obedient and place your trust in God. Do not yield to the evil influences around you; never indulge in profanity, nor in the use of intoxicating drinks. Read your Bible frequently, and do not cease to pray with a penitent, believing heart. We look joyfully forward to the time when we shall welcome you back, when you will come to relieve our anxiety, and cheer our lonely and loving hearts."

His sisters had also inserted in the letter a few affectionate lines. "Brave youth," thought I, "your noble form will never again be encircled by a mother's arms, a sister's kiss will never again be impressed upon your manly brow. Your body will rest in an unknown grave on this lonely, historic mountain till the resurrection morn." As I refolded that precious letter and carefully replaced it where it had been so tenderly kept, I found the great tears coursing down my cheeks. The thought of a mother's love and a mother's prayers had touched my orphaned heart, and I deemed it not unmanly for a soldier to weep.

Mothers, are you praying for your sons who are in the army? Do you send them heavenly messages to cheer their hearts and fortify them against temptation? Your dear children may fall in battle, and their graves be unknown, but you must meet them hereafter.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## TAKE MY HAND.

At the golden gates of morning,  
In the depth of evening's shade,  
When the shadow steals over the spirit,  
Which rests upon hill and glade;  
In the noon's imperial brightness,  
And when night's starry band  
Is clasped above our earth-home,  
Oh, Father, take my hand.

When the banner of love floats o'er me,  
With its soft and magic spell,  
Lest its folds of light should dazzle,  
And I love this life too well;  
Forever, close beside me,  
Let thy loving presence stand  
And from each earthly clinging,  
Oh, Father, take my hand.

When the storm-clouds of sorrow,  
Above my pathway lie,  
And not a ray of brightness,  
Steals from the shadowed sky;  
When stern, unbending duties,  
And cares each thought demand,  
Lest life and heart should murmur,  
Oh, Father, take my hand.

When disappointment's arrow  
Finds lodgment in the soul,  
And the waves of dark despair  
Around the spirit roll;  
Lest I shrink from Heaven-sent duties,  
And bid my life-work stand  
Unbeautiful—unfinished,  
Dear Father—take my hand.

There are many lonely passes,  
There is many a darkened day;  
Pitfalls and snares unnumbered,  
Are scattered o'er life's way.  
Yet undismayed—unspotted,  
I may reach the farther strand,  
If Thou—Almighty Father,  
Wilt hold my trembling hand.

And down to the swelling river,  
Across the shadowed vale,  
Lest the spirit shrink from venturing,  
And the faltering footsteps fail,  
Till I gain the shadowless city,  
And a life in the deathless land,  
Lest e'en at the gate I loiter,  
Oh, Father, take my hand.

CORA.

Cleveland, March, 1863.

## ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

TERMS.

\$1 a year, (in advance) to Single Subscribers, \$5 (in advance) will pay for Ten Copies sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

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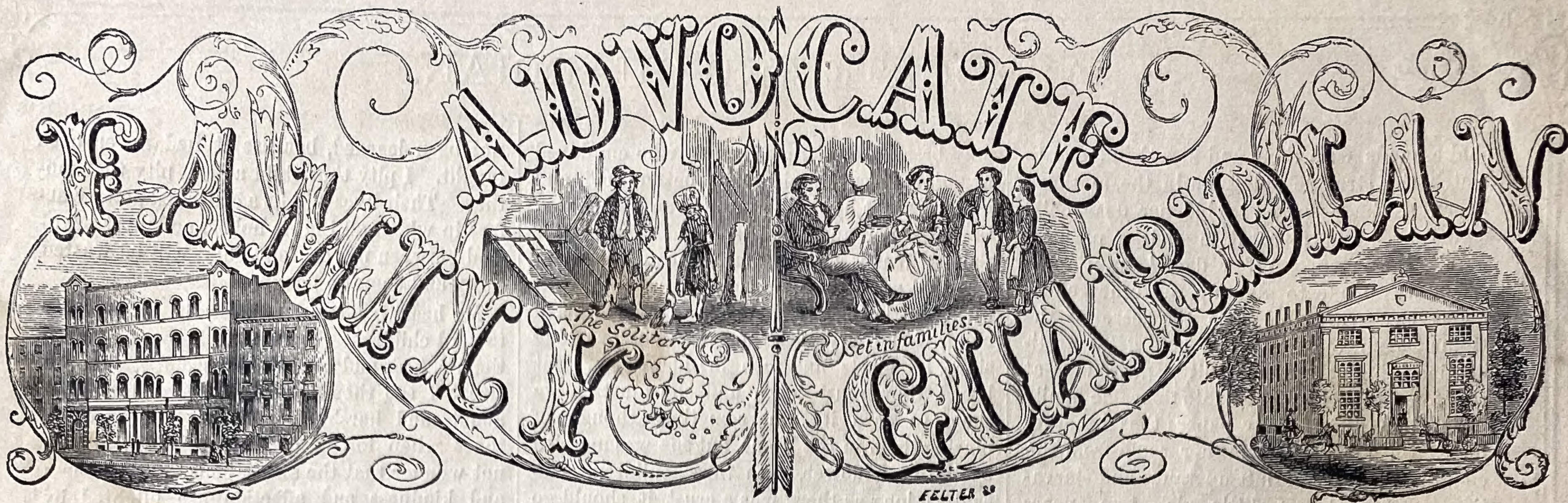
Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed  
MRS. SARAH A. STONE,  
29 E. 29th Street,

Box 4740. New York.

Advertisements—Only short ones are received—30c a line.

[No. 667. April 1, 1863.]





"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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Whole No. 684.

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of Industry and Home for the Friendless, 29 E. 29th St.

EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

For Terms and Notices, see Last Pages.

AMONG our late Thanksgiving donations were the following lines, suggesting themes of gratitude and praise. The experience of the writer, while for two years detained in Tennessee, witnessing the horrible fruits of the rebellion, as seen in the desolated homes, severed ties, and martyred forms of unionists, who were true to their country, prompted these heart-breathed utterances.—ED.

#### THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MRS. WM. MOWBRAY.

(Late of Tennessee.)

O, REJOICE! away with sadness,  
Rise Columbia's sons as one,  
Praise the Lord with songs of gladness  
For the mercy He hath shown.

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

Praise and bless His name alone.

O, rejoice! our flag is waving  
O'er the land and o'er the sea;  
Men of every nation saving  
From despair and tyranny.

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

For the blessings of the Free.

Raise a thousand Ebenezers,  
Write them o'er with deathless words—  
Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's,  
Let the glory be the Lord's.

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

For the help His arm affords.

Do the Mississippi's waters  
Glide beneath their guardian stars?  
Not the cruel flag of slaughter,  
Red with treason's bloody bars!

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

To the mighty God of wars.

Does once more the Crescent City,  
Deck the nation like a gem?

'Tis because the Lord in pity  
Holds it in her diadem.

O be thankful!

For the pity—

Pity both to us and them.

Does the Tennessean fastness  
Shut its country out no more;

Do its portals in their vastness,  
Open like a magic door?

O be thankful!

'Tis Jehovah!

Does the nation's porch restore.

Is the bright Helvetian region,  
Eden of the Cherokee,  
On our hearts, whose claims are legion,  
Is it ours? dear Tennessee?

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

To the God of victory.

Are our streets and cities quiet?

None to pillage, none to rob,

Crushed is hydra-headed riot,

Hushed the base and brutal mob.

O be thankful!

Christ, your Saviour,

Stills the tempest, rules the globe.

Do our Charities still flourish,

Does the Shepherd of the sheep

By his grace their fountains nourish,

Dry the tears from eyes that weep?

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

Israel's God alone doth keep.

Are our armies strong for battle,

Are their leaders true and brave?

Is the mighty Dahlgren's rattle

Booming still across the wave?

O be thankful!

'Tis the mattock

Digging horrid treason's grave.

Are our noble soldiers healthy?

Many rushing to the ranks?

Are our merchant-princes wealthy?

Firm as mountains are our banks?

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

Give to Jacob's God the thanks.

You have garner's filled with plenty,

To use at home and send abroad,

Own the blessings Heaven has sent you

Other nations feel the rod.

O be thankful!

O be thankful!

All your mercies are from God.

Hail Columbia's mighty Saviour!

Listen to the millions' tread;

'Tis the loyal host He gave her,

At their coming treason fled.

O be thankful!

They have voted!

And for what their fathers bled.

Voted for the glorious UNION,

For each state both near and far,

Voted to hold no communion

With rebellion, but by war.

O be thankful!

That they voted;

Voted for each stripe and star.

New York, 164 Allen St., Nov. 19th, 1863.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

Nor all the poor of this world are rich in faith, hope, and love; but when these graces are found in humble homes and hearts, how do they illumine and beautify them, till they seem very near the gate of heaven, and it is easy to believe that, were our vision clearer, we might see angels ascending and descending between the throne of God and the household altar, bringing answers of peace to the petitions that have risen like sweet incense, from loving, trustful hearts to heaven. So we thought as we walked homeward after an interview with the mother and sister of the young man, who, because of his color, was beaten to death last summer. The words in his last prayer, in that trying time, comforted, and still comfort the bereaved ones; "They may kill the body, but in Christ I shall live."

Went to see a sick mother, who, it was said, knew she must soon die, and was desirous of securing a home for her children, where they should receive Christian training. When we, as delicately as we could, revealed to her the object of our call, the tears forced their way through her drooping eyelids, her chin quivered, and it was some moments before she could control her emotion. It was evident the subject was most painful to her feelings, yet one that must be considered and acted upon. She said, while she was still able to go about some, she had been to one or two Institutions to see how she could get the little ones taken care of, her first thought being of their soul's welfare, for what was any other advantage compared with that. While she was still undecided as to her course, a lady came to her room with a tract, and the mother believed that through her the Lord would grant the chief desire of her heart. Called again in the evening with one of the Home Managers, and when we went away we led with us one of the little girls, pretty, healthy, and about four and a half years old. It was touching to see the child pass from one to another of the friends to



shake hands with them and kiss them, and to watch the struggle going on in the mother's heart, as she prepared to bid her dear child "good-by," and place it in charge of comparative strangers. A few days later, the decision was made to give up the other child, about two years old, into the care of the Home Committee. It would be a great gratification if both these bright little girls, now at the Home, could be adopted into the same family.

Saw in one of the daily papers that a mother had been found dead in her room from the combined effects of intemperance and starvation, and that her little girl, two years old, was left alone in the world. We immediately went to see if we could not bring her to the Home, but the inquest had already been held, the body conveyed away in the almshouse hearse, and the child had been led away, no one knew where.

Returning homeward we called at one of the Industrial schools, where we found a good policeman, to whom we mentioned the case. Said he, "If ever there was a Sodom, this is one. I've seen many, many cases like this; intemperance, wretchedness, ruin of body and soul." We asked him why the grog-shops, the acknowledged source of so much beggary and crime, were not closed. "There must be union to do anything. You must get people not to rent houses for such purposes, nor to use their own. You see a candy, a cigar-shop, you enter, it is an innocent-looking place, as innocent as this school-room, but in the back part of it are things or women, living in the worst state of moral degradation. Men are decoyed in there, and there are too many men in office who patronize such places."

We heard the remark not long ago that it was of no use to run a good man for office, he'd be sure to be beaten. Has it come to this, and will good men supinely submit to it, when all that is manly, noble, Christian, should rouse them to the preservation of others' rights and virtue as well as their own.

Called at a shanty where the parents of four pupils in the Home Ind. Schools live, and found the mother and two more children at home.

Three or four years ago, the day after her third child was born, the woman's first husband was killed by the explosion of a powder-mill. Her chin quivered, as yours and ours have done when struggling with emotions we would hide yet cannot, and her voice was deep and low as she told of the dark days that she then lived through. Her babe died, and she thanked God for it, for it would be happier so than with her. She used to pay a woman for taking care of the two remaining children while she was at work; she noticed they grew thin, and at last asked them if they had enough to eat. Her boy said the one who took care of them was drunk all day, and beat them if they asked for bread.

She used to get good food for herself where she worked, but for her children could afford

only bread. Sometimes people who employed her gave her fragments of better food, and many a night her children had run a long way to meet her and see if she had anything for them. Was it strange that she couldn't go to sleep till midnight for crying when she thought of her little ones? Her boy, a tender-hearted child, would cry with her, and now, so long since, he starts and sobs in his sleep. But bread they must have, and she must leave them to earn it. She sometimes thought of placing them in the Home, but she was married again to a widower, with three children, who said, so long as there was a crust it should go around, and so it does.

She was very thankful that they were to have bread dinners in the school after this; her boys had always had to go without dinner, but they liked to go to the school, the room was so warm and comfortable. She didn't know as they could go by-and-by, it would be so cold, and there was not a shoe to put on the six pair of little bare feet. She used to go to church, but had not been lately, for she had not suitable clothes to wear. As we rose to go she pointed into the loft where some of the children slept, and through the crevices of which wind, cold and rain could come in unhindered. "It's the cold I fear," she said, as she stooped to a lower bed and turned back the tattered clothes that covered shavings on which the rest slept; "It is this that breaks my heart, to have my children sleep so, and I am ashamed to have any one see it." And yet she did not seem to be proud, it was the mother's yearning for comforts for her loved children. She could not bear to have them sleep under rags. We promised to try and get some decent covering for her bed, and for the bare feet that need protection from the cold, frosty pavements, as soon as we could, and told her that she must let us know if she was in great need. She said she could not tell any one, she could not beg; she would rather starve than ask any one to help her. What she wanted most was work, for that she would be thankful. Obtained a bed-quilt for her a few days after, and some of her children's ragged clothing was exchanged for some substantial, second-hand clothing from the Dorcas-room, making a decided improvement in their appearance. The little bare feet could not yet be covered.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### SOMETHING I SAW IN CHURCH.

As I was sitting in church last Sunday, I saw a mother attempt to correct a little girl. As she did so the child raised her hand as if to strike her mother, and held it so for a minute or two, looking at the same time steadily at her mother in the most firm and defiant manner. That one act revealed the system of family government under which the child had been trained. It was a word and a blow, and like had, as usual, begotten like. There was no heart-obedience. Force, and force alone, was yielded to. The sweet submission of love had

not been learned, because it had never been taught. I pity that child and I pity that mother. Their lives will be a continual petty warfare in which all that is holiest and most beautiful between mother and child will be wasted away and come to naught.

My heart is often drawn out in tender pity toward children. From my window I can see them cuffed, and abused, and scolded. On the street I see them roughly pulled and dragged about, and harshly spoken to. I hear stern tones when loving ones are needed, and I do not wonder that the sweet buds of gentleness and kindness and affection are blighted by these untimely frosts; I do not wonder that we have so many coarse, vulgar women and so many hard, rough men. The finer parts of their natures are crushed out in their childhood, and in their turn they crush their children. When will all this misery cease? When shall we learn to govern by love? Firmness and severity are two very different things—firmness may be as gentle as the tenderest love and should always be united with it in the training of our children. Love, judicious love is the best educator; it is to the soul what the sun is to the body. Educated without it the child becomes morally, what the Swiss child of the deep gorges where the sun never shines, becomes physically, diseased, deformed, stupid. I often think of the infinite patience of God in bearing with all this wrong and hardness. We, mothers, think we need patience, but how much patience is needed with us? Mothers need to cultivate a loving spirit; fathers require this cultivation still more, for they are not by nature so tender as women. Mothers too often love with the mere instinct of maternity, they need also to love, as God loves, with a love above all animal instinct, a rational, soul-love. We must try to make our children as beautiful in soul as we would have them beautiful in body; we must cherish every good impulse, cultivate their kindness and their love; we must seem to them, as well as be, their best friend. The hearts of children are delicate and susceptible, they feel acutely, their sufferings are greater than we imagine; they long for sympathy, they long for tenderness, they long for some sure place of refuge. We should try to make our home as much as possible like heaven. Severity almost always makes children worse. Restraint by fear does little good; it never produces heart-obedience—that only comes from love. We must make our children our friends, we must make them sure of our love, we must be to them, so far as we can, what our loving, heavenly Father is to us. We must try to develop them into noble men and women, not into dwarfed and gnarled specimens of humanity. How great is our work. May we be aided by divine love and wisdom, and when the hour of our departure comes may we have the consolation of feeling that we have done what we could, and that God has accepted and blessed our efforts.

ANNA H.



For the Advocate and Guardian.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Christmas eve. In a dimly-lighted chamber of that large and now desolate house, three feeble women sat—from out that chamber but yesterday stranger hands had borne to his burial him upon whom, as upon a strong staff, they had rested and thought to rest all the days of this life. Drawn closely together, as if each would gain strength from the other, sat the three. One, aged and infirm; one, worn with weakness and pain, trying to still the throbbing temples by the tight pressure of the pale hands, one, younger and lighter-hearted, yet each lost in her own troubled thoughts, helpless in the present, mindful of the past, anxious for the future. Suddenly through the room stole a soft, sweet sound, like spirit-whispers from another world. Going to the window, the youngest threw up the sash, and clear and loud on the still, night air, rang out the Christmas chime to Luther's grand old hymn.

"From heaven I have now come down"—

A pause, and then came—

"Watchman! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler! o'er yon mountain height,  
See the glory-beaming star  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler! ages are its own;  
See! it bursts on all the earth."

The cold air fanned the fevered cheek, and the sweet melody, like a mother's hush, quieted the aching head, resting there on the clasped hands; the eyes that for long, weary nights had kept their sleepless vigil, closed gently now, to open—the spirit eyes—on a Christmas night, in the old town of Spire. Earth was clothed in her pure covering of white as for a festive night. Orion was high in the heavens, and the twin stars led the way to the hill church, from whose steeple the clear, joyous chimes sent out a glad refrain to the hollow, distant peal of the great cathedral bell.

In the houses the Christmas trees were lighted, their rainbow tints shifting and sparkling in the quickening frost. Through all the roads torches were moving, their thousand reflections met by the golden lamps hung out in heaven, that seemed nearer and more brilliant, as if to embrace the earth, on this the birth-night of her Christ-child. The joyous faces of children looked out from behind their tapers, as in long procession they moved up the high street to the church, singing in the lively melody of Luther.

"A child of bliss is born to all."

The pastor, in gown and bands, met by the solemn tones of the organ, passed up the aisle to the chancel. One rich voice sang the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," and then the Hallelujah floated over the multitude as if in consecration. And now as the children sang that noble old hymn of the Reformation,

"At length Redemption's come,"

and the deep tones of the organ rolled through the arches, then died away, as it were, into the vaults, the great chandelier before the altar hung round with garlands of evergreen, seemed, to rise and reach out its branches till it became a great tree, and filled the whole earth. Its jets of light seemed golden fruit, its pendants silver bells; its leaves were for healing and its wealth of blossoms—showered down in rich profusion—blown about, soiled and withered, sometimes seeming lost, yet everywhere they fell, on cultured soil or desert ground, with softening influence and gladdened into life.

Above the tree shone one single star of triple points, flooding all its laden boughs with so soft, and pure, and holy a light, that peace, and love, and joy awoke, almost unknowing how, within the heart that gazed upon it. The soft south wind, as it went by, stirred its fragrant branches and sweet, silver bells, and men paused to listen, and consciousness awoke and sinful passions lulled, and its healing leaves brought holy feelings and heaven-born peace. It was the Tree of Life, like that John saw in vision, and it was given "the Spirit eyes" to look back the long night of years to that day of earth's jubilee, when first that tree was planted deep in the hills of Palestine, and that star gleamed out a "light in night," and down the years since passed away to see its branches reach far into pagan lands with saving influence and life-giving power, and its leaves go forth in healing to the nations.

It was the death-hour of the Son of God, the star was dimmed, and darkness wrapt the world in gloom. From the heart of Divine compassion was borne one fragrant blossom to the heart of the secret, trembling disciple, and amid the scoff and scorn of cruel Jews, he laid in his own new tomb, "the Crucified."

The leaf—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness will I draw thee"—was sent to the penitent disciple, and he who had denied his Master with oaths, now boldly charged upon His murderers their crime, and then for their troubled consciences gathered the leaves that bade them "look to Him they had pierced, that their sins might be blotted out."

It is noon-day, and the Jewish zealot goes on his way full of murderous thought and bigot hate. One star-lit ray fell on his startled sense, sweet music-tones awoke glad echoes in his fainting heart, and henceforth, over sea and land, in peril oft he bears the wondrous leaves. The dungeon's gloom they lighted, and in Caesar's palace stout hearts trembled or bowed beneath their power. In distant isles he sowed the seed for other trees of life, and when his fight was fought, his armor laid aside, the joyful chimes rang on, and a mighty host went forth to echo the glad tidings. Then Christian England rose and sent her heralds forth, and farther India heard the sound, and "Ethiopia stretched out her hands to God."

They fell upon old Rome, those leaves of

life, and the Gladiatorial games were banished; they fell upon the dungeons of the "man of sin," and the Inquisition died, and slavery's chain unlocked, and the Sabbath rose amid the ruins.

In that old church, where dreamed the sleeper, a man, in priestly garb, held high a torch of gathered leaves, lit by that star-bright radiance, then rung a chime that woke the nations. Full on the "abomination that maketh desolate," he threw the searching light, and men drew back in loathing, and the mitred head upon the Tiber trembled, and the "scarlet woman, drunk with the blood of martyrs," paled with fear; and evermore will ring those tones, till deep in darkest night old Babylon shall sink to rise no more.

Where sets the western sun, a nation was at strife, brother against brother. Father and son, and death, and woe, and hate, sent up a fearful cry to Heaven, and Christian England echoed back the cry. Yet 'twas a goodly land and God's own hand had planted there the tree of life and watered it, and over all had thrown the banner of His love. In its early days it served God and feared Him, and its great arms of welcome had gathered from all lands the wretched and the wronged. But with them came the "man of sin," and bribery, and corruption, and slavery's yoke—their mother forced upon them. God called to them in love, "Come out from her, my people, and be my sons and daughters." They heeded not, and pride stalked through the land, and greed, and crime. Yet still His pity spared them, and everywhere with loving hand His Christmas gifts were scattered, and still in their high places they mocked at God. And now He came in judgment, will He pity still? For His chosen's sake, and by the Tree of Life He planted there, He mingles mercy with His justice.

Where the conflict rages a sigh goes out to Him, and He hears it, and "covers the defenceless head." Stark on the battle-field, the pale face, upturned to Him, He sends His angels down to bear in safety up the parting soul. The darkened home He lightens, and on the wounded heart He lays the leaves, "Thy Maker is thy husband," and "gently in His arms will bear thy fatherless," and by His own mother's love He folds within His heart the childless ones.

But as the dreamer gazed, on the hushed air there came the tread of armies met in final struggle. Up from the fair south-land they came in solid ranks, with firm resolve, and frenzied will, and deadliest hate. Over the northern sky she saw the dark cloud parted, where like incense had gone up the words that bade the enslaved go free. But traitor hearts, and love of gain, and careless ease enfeebled the strong hands that struck for law, and right, and freedom's cause, and God's Word unbound.

In vain the spirit eyes would pierce the



gloom and see the battle won, but on the wakening sense stole soft the morning chime.

"With our own strength we naught can do,  
Destruction yawns on every side,  
He fights for us, our champion true,  
Elect of God, to be our guide.  
What is His name? "The Anointed One,"  
The God of armies, He.  
Of earth and heaven the Lord alone—  
With Him on field of battle won  
Abideth victory."

And now the sleeper rose, heartened and strengthened for her life-work, and when they questioned of her brightened face and earnest acts, she told them of the Tree of Life and its wondrous leaves that gave to all who sought a wealth untold. The while the south wind breathed upon their hearts, and to the weary pilgrim whispered of the "rest beyond" and of quiet waiting "till the day-break, and the shadows flee away," and to the twain it told of work to do and of loving guidance all through their brightened way, and round them evermore "the everlasting arms."

Note.—It is the custom in many of the northern towns of Germany to hold a midnight service in the churches, all the children being present, each with a lighted taper, in commemoration of the fact (or belief) that our Saviour was born in the night. ETHEL.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### AN APPEAL.

FOR THE HOME BAZAAR.

BY KATE CAMERON.

YE fair and gentle maidens,  
Come, listen to my song,  
Although its theme is weighty,  
I'll not detain you long.

I ask of you, kind sisters,  
In dwellings near and far,  
To give of your abundance  
To fill our Home Bazaar.

The thousand little trifles  
Your skillful fingers make,  
Will have an added value  
For Charity's sweet sake.

Then send your mats and tidies,  
Your collars and your lace,  
Your edging and your tatting,  
We'll give them all a place.

Send ottomans and foot-stools,  
And pictures for the wall,  
Pin-cushions, sofa-pillows,  
We have room for them all.

The darling little babies  
Must not forgotten be,  
Socks and sacques, and hoods and caps,  
We shall be glad to see.

The brothers and the aunties  
Must bear our cause in mind,  
And grandma's socks and mittens  
A ready sale will find.

And all the little children  
Might something learn to make,  
Or if they really cannot,  
Their pennies we will take,

And buy nice nuts and candies  
Which we can always sell,  
We have so many callers  
That love such dainties well.

Our kind friends in the city,  
Our table can supply  
With everything to tempt the taste  
As well as please the eye.

But time is not sufficient  
To tell one half we need,  
Our wants are so apparent  
"That he who runs, may read."

To aid in your decisions  
Only one rule we'll make,  
Whatever is worth sending,  
We thankfully will take.

Of course there'll be no trouble  
In selling all our store,  
We only fear the purchasers  
Will call in vain for "More."

Oh! pray give your attention  
At once to this appeal,  
And let your ready fingers  
Prove what your warm hearts feel,

It is not much we ask you,  
But every little rill  
Helps swell the mighty rivers  
And they the ocean fill.

So little deeds of kindness,  
And little acts of love  
May help to form the treasure  
That waits for us above.

We wish a Merry Christmas  
To all both near and far,  
Who kindly aid in any way  
Our famous Home Bazaar

### Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, DEC. 16, 1863.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WE are rapidly approaching the close of another eventful year. With all its scenes, both sad and gay, it is passing from us as a vision of the night, bearing with it a record of duties faithfully discharged or left all undone, the results of the same to meet us for review in the far future. Like the still hour of twilight the present is a time for thought and careful retrospection. How many marked providences are to be remembered. How unwearied has been the watchfulness of the Eye that never slumbers. How have life and health been preserved to many of us, and golden opportunities continued for doing good in the moral vineyard.

While we have been spared, how many precious friends, whose eyes oft looked so lovingly into ours, expressing sympathy and confidence, "Union of soul where thought with thought agrees,"

have entered upon the race of immortality! How many tender plants have been transplanted by the great Husbandman. How many brave sons, brothers and fathers have fallen, far from home and kindred. We see them no more in the flesh, but being dead, they yet speak, re-echoing the oft-repeated injunction, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

As the dying year departs, wrapped in its mantle of frost, the chill winds chiming its requiem, its dead leaves, once so green and

beautiful, crisped and perished, let us all remember, "We all do fade as a leaf," and whatever our age or circumstances, resolve anew to live while we live for noble ends—so live that,

Whether long or short our stay  
In life's rugged, pilgrim way,  
No more welcome year shall come,  
Than the last that calls us home.

#### GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

THE occasion of our Annual Donation Visit at the Home is always followed by pleasant reminiscences. That of the 26th ult. made the day truly one of gladness, as our friends may well judge by reference to the precious list of acknowledgments on page 247. Never were our smitten flock more generously remembered. All day long the gifts of love were flowing in, all day long heads and hands and hearts were full of thought and work, and the consciousness that the hand of the Good Shepherd was so manifest in these many tokens of care for the friendless was sufficient to inspire a heart-song of gratitude. To each and every donor the Managers return their cordial thanks.

A friend present, who took notes of the exercises in the Chapel, etc., has kindly sent us the following, which we insert in lieu of our own comments.

THANKSGIVING-DAY AT THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS!—What a misnomer to call this place "The Home for the Friendless," with its inmates all looking so bright and happy. Methinks to-day it should rather be called "The Home" of those who have many friends—and good friends too—if one may judge by the glad looks and smiling faces of these their proteges.

It was thus that I inly soliloquized, after having obtained with some difficulty a seat in the greatly-crowded lecture-room, commanding a full view of the children's gallery. There they sat in their pretty uniforms, like parterres of spring flowers. Those on the right hand tiers suggesting the idea of early primroses, putting forth their delicate straw-colored petals, in some sheltered situation. Those to the left seemed as so many tender little violets, nestling there so safely from the March winds. The middle space was filled up with Home children, a nice set of healthy, intelligent-looking little ones.

The exercises were commenced by prayer, after which the children sang a Thanksgiving hymn. Then after a recitation, "The President's hymn" was sung; how sweetly its noble and appropriate sentiments sounded from those infant tongues. In the morning I had heard it reverberate "through the long



drawn aisle" and uttered with the organ's pealing notes, but it did not impress me so deeply then, as it did through this simple psalmody. Dialogues followed, then duetts, solos and recitations, songs, anthems and choruses, eliciting from the delighted audience, from time to time, the warmest admiration and applause.

Several clergymen and others addressed the children, and the meeting generally, at intervals, congratulating the latter, as the patrons of the institution, on the present most felicitous exhibition of its pleasant fruits and abundant success, assuring them that the support which they afforded to that happy Home, for those dear homeless children, was the very best guarantee of the safety and stability of their own.

The Rev. Mr. Osgood, of the Bedford St. Baptist Church, made a stirring appeal to the liberality of the audience, urged the duty of contributing freely, in order to meet the ever-increasing claims of widening fields of usefulness, and other pressing calls which he specified. After him the Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., spoke at some length to the children, in a way that pleased them and me exceedingly. He did not say a great deal about their past history, but kindly forgetting all that, or remembering perhaps that little boys and girls have feelings as well as other people; he just talked to them about Jesus—told them that He was the same yesterday, to-day and forever—in all places and in all circumstances, in Africa, Europe, Asia, America, and Oceania—that thousands of years ago He loved little children, and that He loves them still. He read statistics of the Home work, embracing its several departments, past and present encouragements, incitements to thankfulness, etc., and closed his address, expressing the fullest approbation of the objects and results of the labors of the institution. Never had time seemed to fly so fast. Surely the drama of real life, after all, is most interesting. It was now growing late, yet nobody wanted to go away. All preferred to stay for the remainder of the exercises, and to see the children eat their dinners, and what a pleasant sight that was. What numbers of neatly, nay, elegantly-set tables—such order, and comfort, and abundance—what snowy linen, and excellent turkey, and shining forks! "Well, darlings," I whispered, on beholding their good cheer and happy countenances as they partook of it, "you—yes, you have much to be thankful for." Then turning aside, I took a peep at their pretty baths, and airy bed-rooms. The nursery, too, so warm and cozy.

The exercises re-commenced at half-past six, by the children singing, then dialogues and recitations followed, when Mr. Thorne spoke some moments to the great edification of the children and all present. Amongst the many good things which he related was an anecdote of a boy, who some twelve years before, as a poor, destitute, friendless, penniless stranger, had been brought to an institution to which he was committed. His health was feeble, one of his limbs almost useless, yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, his diligence, amiability, and application were such as to gain the esteem and friendship of all who knew him. He made rapid progress in his studies, showed that he possessed no ordinary amount of native energy and genius. On the recommendation of those who admired his worth, he obtained admission to a medical college, in due time graduated there, passed all his examinations with the utmost credit to himself, receiving his diploma as physician and surgeon to a United States naval expedition lately equipped and sent forth. Just before his departure, "I," said Mr. T., (here the speaker was much moved and so was the audience,) "was deputed by our boys to carry him a testimony of their esteem and affection, in the form of a purse containing two hundred and fifty dollars." "Boys," continued Mr. T., "can you imagine how he felt when I handed it to him? Cannot every one of you go and do likewise?" Eternity will tell the effect of such narratives on those dear children.

The Rev. Wm. Mowbray then spoke. He said the very best way to learn the value of a thing was to be deprived of it for a time. He then briefly sketched the condition of children in the South who had no Bibles nor books of any kind, nothing nice to wear and little good to eat—here he dwelt on how much they had to be thankful for. Told a thrilling anecdote about the Star-spangled Banner, and urged upon the people the duty of a living, active benevolence.

Mr. Merwin then said he would tell them something that he hoped would benefit them, and as he wished them to believe all he stated to be facts, he would give the names of the parties. "Some time ago," he said, "a good gentleman of this city was going to Sunday-school and met a poor little ragged boy by the way, asked him to accompany him, which he did, found the lad was destitute of all things, an orphan and an outcast. He took him to his house and gave him an education. That boy grew up to be a man and went to the Far West. Some time since the kind gentleman died, leaving a widow

and family to mourn his loss. Some weeks since the brother of the deceased received a letter dated from Chicago, written by an honorable judge in that city, who had observed in one of the daily papers a notice of the above gentleman's death." "This judge, dear children," said Mr. Merwin, "was the once poor, ragged boy, and now he wanted to know the address of his deceased benefactor's widow, in order to aid her if she needed it." Mr. Merwin recommended every friend of humanity present to go at once into the office where donations were received and leave something to help forward this good work. The exercises by the children were resumed—sweet lambs, what an amount of careful training and instruction they must have passed through, in order to have performed their parts so well.

At length the hour for dismissal arrived, and Rev. L. Thompson, from Jamaica, W. I., offered the closing prayer. To me the day had been truly a day of thanksgiving, and every moment of it a moral feast. If any one wishes a happy day, let him visit the "Home for the Friendless" on a Thanksgiving occasion.

✎ We have received from an esteemed member of our Board of Counselors, who had recently addressed a meeting of friends and fellow-laborers in Newburgh, a copy of the following note, enclosing \$20, for which our grateful acknowledgments are tendered. May donors and recipients ever improve providential opportunities thus to incite one another to love and good works.—Ed.

Newburgh, Nov. 24, 1863.

The Board of Managers of the Newburgh Home for the Friendless, beg to acknowledge their great obligations to Mr. C. C. North, for his kindness in granting his valuable services on the occasion of their late anniversary.

Believing that the most acceptable return will be an offering to the institution, to the interests of which Mr. North is so much devoted, and also desiring to testify their esteem and affection for the honored President and Directress of their own institution, the Board of Managers enclose the sum of twenty dollars to confer upon Mrs. Youngblood a Life-membership of the Am. Fem. Guardian Society. In behalf of the Board,

Respectfully, C. E. MONELL,  
Mr. C. C. NORTH. Cor. Sec.

✎ Several valuable contributions to our columns as well as much interesting correspondence, have been crowded out of this number, to make room for the usual title and index, together with an unusually large, but very acceptable, list of Donations. Articles deferred, may be expected in the next issue—the initial number of Vol. XXX.



## HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

Concluded.

*Friday, 9th.* Our first applicant seemed to be a very worthy, industrious woman, with a child of thirteen months in her arms, the youngest of four and the eldest only nine, and her husband, who was in the army, had not been heard from in one year. She is now earning only two dollars a week, but is hoping to be soon able to buy a sewing-machine, and by means of it to better her condition. Her home is in a basement, and rats are her frequent visitors, helping to destroy the clothes she, by hard labor, obtained for her children. We were glad to offer a glass of milk and a cracker to the quiet, pretty little girl in her arms, which were eagerly devoured, and gratitude beamed from the bright, blue eye as she gazed at us.

An aged Quakeress of eighty years was among our visitors to-day, and recorded her name in trembling, but distinct hand.

*Wednesday, 14th.* A crippled girl of fourteen was received, she had a cruel care-taker, who beat both her father, herself, and the children. She had been several times received, through the importunity of the father, gone through a purifying process, and been claimed again.

*Friday, 16th.* A young girl, just entering her teens, orphaned and friendless, came to us this morning. Having had a place in the country with but small wages, she became dissatisfied, and through advertisements in the papers thought she had found the very situation she wished with the reward of five dollars a week. Young and unsophisticated, little did she dream of the temptations of a city and the snares that are laid for the young. Had she not consulted some of our good ladies, she might have found herself in the trap from which there would have been no escape.

Our matron had a pitiful story to tell us of a young girl of sixteen who presented herself for protection on the night previous. Her own father and mother were dead, and her home had been with an unprincipled second mother. It was by her she was introduced to one who has destroyed her happiness for life, and by her she was thrust upon the charities of a cold world, and she felt that the only refuge for her was the open door of the Home for the Friendless. Her youth, her sobs, and her apparent innocence were enough to enlist the sympathies of the strongest heart.

*Wednesday, 21st.* A delicate, but pretty-looking English woman, having four children, came to find a home for two of them, one four and the other two years. Her husband was killed on one of our gun-boats a year ago, and she finds herself unable to support them all. She was in pursuit of the Leake and Watts Asylum when her steps were directed here, and on finding that she was on the threshold of the Home for the Friendless, she exclaimed, "Is it possible I am in this good place, of which I have heard so much? This is the safest spot that can be found for my children." And it was decided that the eldest boy should be received.

*Friday, 23d.* A cloudy, cool morning, but before 12 o'clock twenty-five visitors had been escorted about the buildings. Busy fingers are engaged up-stairs cutting and basting work for the Industrial schools, and the call for more material, we trust, will meet with a response before long. The real wants of these schools cry continually, "Give, give."

The English woman appeared again to give up her second son, bringing her eldest child, a little girl with her, who was anxious to see her brother. They watched him from an adjoining room, and were quite delighted to see his dress changed for jacket and trousers.

*Wednesday, 28th.* We were pressed with applications all day, and from many who were anxious to secure good homes for their children and were willing to pay their board, but we were obliged to turn a deaf ear to them for want of accommodations, and we cannot but wish that there might be an institution provided for such a class. One of our most pitiful cases was that of a middle-aged woman, with her little boy. She with her husband, who had been editor and proprietor of a paper on Long Island, left New York 18 years ago, and since that time followed their fortunes at the South. Being strong Unionists at the time the rebellion broke out, they made their escape from Richmond, first converting all their effects into money in order to reach this city. On arriving here, having spent everything, they wandered about homeless and friendless until the husband was received into Bellevue Hospital, a great sufferer with rheumatism, [he has since died.] She expressed herself as willing to work, sew, or do anything to secure a home for herself and her little boy. They were received and employment found for her until she is otherwise provided for.

*Friday, 30th.* A dark, rainy day, and finding little to do, we were glad of the opportunity to again visit the nursery, where we found the children enjoying their own fun, and found our Richmond refugee enjoying it with them. Her countenance to-day would hardly be recognized as the one that presented itself to us two days ago, when she was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, with no prospect of a shelter for herself or her child. Beside these many other tales of sorrow have been poured into our ears, all of which we were happy to try and alleviate.

Thus ended this beautiful October month at the Home for the Friendless, fraught with pleasure and with pain.

*Statistics for October.*—Number of adults admitted, 20; dismissed, 15; remaining, 32. Children admitted, 34; dismissed, 41; remaining, 126; present family, 158.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of DONATIONS to the Home for the Friendless, from Nov. 10th to Nov. 25th, 1863.

(\$20 entitles the Donor to a Life-membership, and a copy of the A. & G. for life.)

## HOME.

<i>N. H.</i> —Nathaniel Shute, Exeter.....	2 00
Judith H. Stewart, Warner.....	2 00
M. F. Gould \$2, A Friend 50c.....	2 50
Mrs James Pearson, Mrs Nathan Jewett, Miss Phebe Lovejoy \$1 each, other friends, Milford, per S. C. E.....	4 00
<i>Vt.</i> —Mrs D. T. Robinson, Middlebury.....	1 00
<i>Mass.</i> —A Friend, Leicester.....	1 00
Mrs Sophia H. Parsons, Southampton.....	3 00
Friends, Cummington, freight.....	65
Lucy J. Pease, Springfield.....	3 00
Mrs O. D. Cook, Hadley.....	1 00
<i>Conn.</i> —Mrs S. Camp, Mrs Bennett and Miss C. Galpin 50c each, also 50c for freight from Ladies' Benev. Society, Berlin.....	2 00
Mrs H. S., Deep River.....	1 50
A Friend, New Haven.....	5 00
A mother, Franklin.....	1 00
Emma M. Taylor, Warren.....	1 00
Mrs N. S. Camp, Durham Centre.....	1 00
A Friend, Simsbury.....	75
Mrs D. B. Gould, Bridgeport.....	1 00
E. E. Lay, Westbrook.....	1 00
Miss Stillman, New Haven.....	25
M. Burnell, Terryville.....	1 00
W. H. Bell, Danbury.....	50

L. E. H., West Cheshire, for Thanksgiving.....	1 00
E. M. H. Smith, Putnam, gold.....	3 00
Mrs Rev D. R. Austin.....	1 00
A mother and daughter, Plainville.....	1 25
Mrs Fannie Raymond and Mrs Sherwood Raymond Bozrah and Mrs M. A. Hillhouse Williams, Norwich Town, \$5 each, Thanksgiving Offering, per Mrs H. Maples.....	15 00

<i>N. Y.</i> —Mrs John T. Masters, Greenwich.....	2 00
Ladies' Benev. Soc., Augusta, freight.....	1 00
Mrs A. Waley, Burlington Flatts.....	25
Mrs R. G. Woodford, Guilford, an. don.....	10 00
A. K. Furman, Guilford.....	1 00
D. Van Hoosen and L. M. Rogers, Hoosick, a Thanksgiving Offering.....	8 00
W. H. Pratt, Guilford.....	1 00
J. M. Losie, Elmira.....	5 00
Mrs Mary Davidson, Stockbridge, for Thanks'g.....	1 00
Dr C. Cushing, E. Worcester.....	1 00
Friends, Malone, freight.....	1 00
Mrs Rev, Rufus W. Clark, Albany.....	2 00
M., Binghamton.....	1 00
Mrs L. F. Ingraham, Hunter.....	2 00
Friends, Marion 1 33, less freight.....	90
A Friend, Tarrytown.....	2 00
Mrs J. H. Hobart, for special case 75c, Mrs Harris 25c, Albany.....	1 00
Mrs M. Smith, Taylor.....	75
S. A. H. Bull, Downsville.....	50
Mrs J. L. Walcott, N. Y. Mills.....	20 00
A Friend, Antwerp.....	1 00
Mrs M. C. Durkee, Moreau Station.....	35
A few Friends, Perry Centre, part for freight.....	8 70
Mr and Mrs John Briggs 10 00, Their little Walter 05, a Thanksgiving gift, Cuba.....	10 05
Susanna Carr, Thanksgiving Offering, Middlebury.....	2 00
A. W. Childs, Canastota.....	1 00
Mrs M. P. Barris, North Evans.....	1 00
Mrs J. H. Bolton, Jordanville.....	1 00
Mrs S. H. Keys, Watertown, Thanks'g Offering.....	1 00
Mrs Grey, Elmira.....	1 00
Lucy M. Salmon, Fulton, Thanksgiving Offering.....	1 50
From a late Friend, Preston Hollow.....	35 00
Mrs Dr. Nott, Union Coll. Schenectady.....	5 00
Bequest of Elizabeth Bentley, late of Eagle Harbor Nathan Shelly, Executor.....	797 73
Mrs Anthony Peck, Clinton.....	1 00
Mrs John Lott, Flatbush, for Thanksgiving.....	3 00
Bequest of Mrs Chloe Bronson, late of Geneva, Larmon G. Townsend, Executor, per Rev J. B. Richardson.....	40 00
W. Wiley 2 00, Mrs B. Wells, Mrs J. Buskirk, Mrs Brower, Mr Jones, Mr Burnett, Mr S. S. Moore, Emily Wiley 1 00 each, Lillie Wiley 90c, Emeline E. Moore 60c, Harvey Guiscard 2 75, Roger Guiscard 1 05, children in the Baptist S. S., Thanksgiving Off, per Mrs Rev. Guiscard, Mt. Vernon.....	14 30
Mrs A. and Mrs H. Otis 1 00 each, Mrs R. W. Otis 1 50 of which 82c freight, little Emma Hoagland 30c and little Minnie Nealey 10c, Mrs H. Bushnell 50c, Kanona.....	3 60
Mrs S. M. Blair, Angelica.....	3 00
A few friends, Hawieytown, for Thanksgiving.....	1 00
Friends, Coomer, freight, per Mrs Mary Williams.....	1 25
Mrs Olive Davis and Mrs Castleton 1 00 each, Mrs Stackwell 50c and Mrs W. 10c, Griffenshire.....	2 60
Mrs Lydia Gifford 9 00, Mrs L. H. Sheldon 1 00, Brockport.....	10 00
A Friend, Saquoit.....	2 00
Mrs T. Brown 5 00, little Thomas Brown 50c, for Thanksgiving, Little Genesee.....	5 50
Mr Herbert Dixon 7 15, Mr and Mrs Hazard 35c, Smyrna.....	7 50

*N. Y. City.*—W. F. Dominick.....

<i>N. J.</i> —James W. Hall, Elizabeth.....	1 00
Mrs J. V. Brown, Millstone.....	1 00
Miss Canfield, Morristown, for Thanksgiving.....	1 00
A Friend, Flatts.....	1 00

<i>Pa.</i> —A Friend, Lineville.....	35
Mrs Smith, an aged lady, Waterford.....	25

<i>Va.</i> —A Friend, of 126th N. Y. V.....	1 00
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<i>O.</i> —Susan H. Lee, Mantua.....	1 00
Mr Johnson, Gustavus.....	3 00
Mrs F. Decker, Mrs J. McCullough, Mrs W. C. Winget 1 00 each, Mrs S. D. Dean 50c, Mrs J. Cratty 40c, Miss M. L. Wright 10c, Ostrander, a Thanksgiving gift.....	4 00
Thomas Patrick, Sen. \$1, Mrs L. Finney and Mrs M. Jackson 50c each, other friends, Thompson 60c, Miss H. Allen \$1, Montville.....	3 60

<i>Ill.</i> —James Rowland, Sharon.....	2 00
Mrs C. Baldwin 1 05, Mrs A. E. Tuttle and Mrs M. T. Bourne \$1 each, Mrs G. Gillett 65c, Mrs W. Sutton 55c, Mrs Hovine, Mrs R. Hannaford, Mrs G. Hovenden, Mr J. Sims, and J. P. Baldwin 25c each, Mrs Stockwell, Mrs Young, Mrs Hannaford, Mrs Larkin and Mrs Spangle 10c ea., Trivoli.....	6 00
Mrs A. O. Francis, Luda.....	1 00
Balance of subscription, Lewanee.....	20
Mrs S. Miller and her daughter, Dallas City.....	4 00

<i>Ind.</i> —E. C. James, Laurel.....	50
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<i>Mich.</i> —A Friend, Delta.....	2 00
George Lewis, Forrester.....	10 00
T. E. C., Benzonia.....	1 00







Miss Tillinghast.....	1 00
Mrs Butman.....	2 50
A Friend.....	5 00
Cash.....	3 00
Mrs C. W. Van Doren.....	5 00
Mary E. Lester.....	1 00
Annie M. Lester.....	1 00
Adele C. Lester.....	50
Chas. S. Lester.....	50
Miss L. Delafield.....	1 00
Mrs Baker.....	5 00
Mrs Kanouse.....	50
Charles Kanouse.....	10
Mrs Weed.....	1 00
A Friend.....	2 00
Samuel Jackson.....	1 00
Mrs E. C. Benedict.....	5 00
Mrs H. W. Johnson.....	2 00
Mrs Starr.....	2 00
Collected by Josie and Carrie Angell, Morrisania.	26 15
Sadie and Frankie Angell.....	50
W. L. C.....	4 00
Mrs J. Ferguson.....	2 00
Charles Van Horn.....	25
Louise Nesbitt 10c, Willie C. Nesbitt 10c, Daniel A. Nesbitt 25c.....	45
Geo. P. Seeley.....	25
Mrs J. McKee.....	2 00
Lizzie McLaury.....	25
Helen and Alice Leonard 25c ea., Mrs Leonard 1.	1 50
P. A. Bogart.....	2 00
Laura Simons.....	25
Geo. J. and Ida L. Byrd 25c each.....	50
Annah B. Hall.....	50
Mrs R., per Mrs M. A. Hawkins.....	3 00
Mrs W.....	2 00
Lillie Underhill.....	1 00
Cash.....	5 00
J. F. C.....	5 00
Mrs H. J. Coombs.....	1 00
Mrs B. T. Jessup.....	1 00
Henry, Frank and Alice Crygier.....	1 00
S. C. Chardavoyne.....	5 00
H. Clark.....	2 00
A. B. Haven.....	5 00
Eddie and Alice Henderson.....	1 85
Emma I. Freeman.....	50
Lillie P. Freeman.....	50
Hattie Phillips.....	1 00
Coll. by Clara E. Durbrow.....	5 40
T. E. Lewis.....	2 00
A. T. Battell.....	5 00
Capt. and Mrs Loveland.....	5 00
Mrs Bonsell.....	1 00
A Friend, to const. Mrs Edward Bayard, a L. M.....	20 00
Mrs Samuel Churchill.....	20 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Mrs L. C. Fanning.....	1 00
Mrs Alfred Van Wyck.....	1 00
Mr J. D. Smith.....	1 00
Miss Ann Morss, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....	5 00
R. M. Buchanan to complete L. M. of Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....	10 00
Mr Adon Smith.....	25 00
Miss Maghee, to const. Mrs J. A. Reed, Dixmount, Pa., a L. M.....	25 00
Mr Abner Beers.....	25 00
Mrs W. T. Pinkney.....	5 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Mrs Dr. L. Ranney.....	5 00
Charles H. Ranney 25c, Walter Ranney 7c.....	32
Mrs J. Gillespie.....	3 00
Emma Porter.....	1 00
Mrs John Wilson.....	10 00
J. Somerville.....	5 00
A Friend.....	3 00
Willie White.....	10
Bessie, Katie and Maggie.....	30
L. Walduck.....	3 00
Annie R. Brooks.....	50
Minnie E. Brooks.....	50
A Friend.....	2 00
Mr T. F. T.....	5 00
Mrs C. S. T.....	5 00
Miss A. C. T.....	2 50
Miss O. C. T.....	2 50
Master A. B. T.....	2 50
Miss E. S. T.....	2 50
A Friend.....	2 50
Lillie S. Williams.....	2 00
Mrs H. D. Stratton.....	5 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Mrs R. Ayers.....	2 00
Miss M. Post.....	1 00
Mrs Robert Taylor.....	1 00
Mr Chapman.....	2 00
Mr Hazen.....	1 00
Johnny Martin.....	2 00
Mrs B.....	10
J. A. Sweetzer.....	1 00
Mr Boardman.....	10 00
A Friend.....	4 00
Mrs E. D. Buckley.....	1 00
Mrs H. Salisbury.....	2 00
A Friend.....	2 00
Mr W. J. Burling.....	1 00
Belle Reilly.....	10 00
Mr Thomas H. Maghee.....	50
Miss Conklin.....	25 00
John Stephens.....	1 05
	5 00

Mrs Fait.....	1 00
Mrs T. Fanning.....	2 00
A Friend, per Mrs Hyde.....	1 00
Mrs Wilson's daughters.....	1 50
Mrs Fay.....	1 00
Chas. C. Colgate, per Mrs E. Starr.....	20 00
Mrs W. A. Haines.....	10 00
Mr Henry A. Polhamus, per Mrs Ambler.....	5 00
Mr Geo. Fotheringham.....	1 00
Little Hattie.....	50
Lizzie Bennett.....	1 00
Mrs Ellen B. Schoals, per Mrs S. R. L. Bennett.....	10 00
Edward Gould.....	25 00
Anna Bogardus.....	1 00
Irving Bogardus.....	1 00
Louisa Bogardus.....	1 00
Emma Bogardus.....	1 00
Lavinia Bogardus.....	1 00
Clara Bogardus.....	1 00
Their Father.....	5 00
C. F. Jones.....	50
A Friend.....	1 00
Mrs Jane R. Gregory.....	3 00
Mrs Irwin.....	3 00
Philippa Galler, an orphan child.....	1 00
A Friend.....	4 00
Sarah E. Miller.....	2 00
Hattie L. Holden.....	10
Carrie.....	10
Annie.....	10
Helen.....	10
A Friend.....	2 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Caroline T. Lawrence.....	2 00
Annie T. Lawrence.....	2 00
Susan N. Lawrence.....	1 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Miss Perkins.....	25
Charley Miller.....	25
Susan.....	05
Nellie.....	05
A Friend.....	25
Mr I. C. Mayer.....	5 00
Mrs I. C. Mayer.....	4 00
Abijah Curtiss.....	10 00
Virginia Donaghee.....	54
Miss Young.....	10
Friends.....	55
Ralph Oakley.....	1 00
Friends.....	6 50
J. E. Fisher.....	1 00
J. Beers.....	45
Mortimer Dye.....	10
Friends.....	35
Mrs J. R. Robinson.....	5 00
Mrs Haddock.....	3 00
Mr R. Amerman.....	3 00
A Friend.....	5 00
George Brandon.....	2 00
Mrs N. B. Palmer.....	5 00
Mrs Isaac Abbott, W. Fund.....	3 00
A Friend.....	1 00
W.....	10 00
Mrs Bathbone.....	1 00
Mrs Sheldon.....	5 00
An old friend of the Home.....	5 00
Miss P. Williams.....	1 00
Pupils of Prim. Dep. School No. 1, Tarrytown.....	1 25
Mrs S. Cobb.....	50
Mr & Mrs Henry Bovee, 5 each.....	10 00
Mrs L. O. W. Butler.....	1 00
Mrs R. F. Andrews.....	5 00
Mrs E. M. Allen.....	2 00
Coll. on Thanksgiving Day, in Pres. Church, Madison, N. J., Rev. A. Mandell, Pastor.....	15 00

Collected by Mrs. Hilliker for No. 4.

Mr Lugar.....	2 00
Mr Waterbury.....	75
Mr Godfrey.....	1 00
Mr Wright.....	1 00
Mrs J. E. Hoffman.....	1 00
Mrs L. Watts.....	3 00
Mrs Joseph Southworth.....	1 00
Wm. C. Barber.....	1 00
Mr French.....	2 00
Mr Joyce.....	1 00
Mr Hicks.....	1 25
Mrs W. Watts.....	1 00
Mrs Romain.....	2 00
Mr H. C. Calkins.....	22 c0
A Friend.....	7 00

Total, \$1382 81

## THANKSGIVING DONATIONS.

**N. Y. City.**—Mr W. H. Smith, 2 turkeys, 9 chickens, 7 bunches celery, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.  
 Mr P. Valentine, one sheep, "  
 Alderman Bayles, 2 turkeys, 4 chickens, "  
 Mr Brown, one sheep, "  
 Mr Park, 9 lbs. fresh fish, "  
 Messrs. Schoonmaker & Forsyth, oysters, "  
 Mr Frost, 2 chickens, 2 bunches celery, "  
 Henry Smith, 1 turkey, 2 bunches celery, "  
 Mr Lewis, 1 turkey, 1 bunch celery, "  
 R. M. Buchanan, 3 turkeys, 3 bunches celery, basket of cake and buns.

Mr Wm. Arras, 35 lbs. poultry, beef and bacon.  
 Bakery, Cor. 33d St. and 6th Av., basket of cake.  
 Mrs Dr Hallock, apples and cakes.  
 Mrs Dupuy, a package of clothing, chickens and cake.  
 Mrs Dr Gunning, turkey and ham.  
 Mrs C. T. Rodgers, 1 turkey.  
 Park & Tilford, 2 hams, per Mrs J. W. Baker.  
 Mrs Greenleaf, 2 turkeys and a bbl. potatoes.  
 Mr Theodore Clark, 1 bbl. apples, per Mrs Ambler.  
 Mr Joseph Haight, 1 turkey.  
 Mrs Joseph Studwell, cake.  
 Charles Stoughton, package of tea.  
 Roe & Comstock, cheese.  
 Mr Niess, basket of cake.  
 Mr Burgess, Morrisania, basket of crackers and cheese.  
 Mrs S. Cobb, Cake.  
 Mrs W. Carpenter, cake.  
 Miss Smith, Mrs De Klyne, Mrs Leonard, Mrs Wheeler, Tarrytown, cake and pies.  
 Mr A. Edwards, a basket of oranges.  
 Mrs Hall, 2 pair chickens.  
 Mr Ripley, 1 turkey.  
 Mr Demott, basket of potatoes.  
 Esther C. Weeks, Mt. Kisco, basket of apples.  
 Mrs George Comstock, basket of biscuit.  
 Mr Miller, basket of cake.  
 Mrs Robinson, piece of roast beef and doughnuts.  
 A parcel from Miss Tillinghast and Emma Rust.  
 Mrs Crehore, turkey and biscuit.  
 Mrs C. E. S., turkey and vegetables.  
 Baker's lunch rooms, Grand St., lot of doughnuts and mixed cakes.  
 Hedges and Powers, quarter of lamb.  
 J. T. Hedden and Son, poultry.  
 Mrs A. B. Eaton, tea cake.  
 George Starr, quarter of mutton.  
 Mrs G. T. Oliphant, turkey, sweet potatoes and cakes.  
 Mrs S. B. Haviland, apples, potatoes and turkey.  
 Mrs S. C. Southmayd, tea cake.  
 Mr Schober, a piece of roasting beef.  
 Mrs Bayles, biscuits, turkeys and cakes.  
 A box of pies and cake, per Mrs Baker.  
 A parcel of oranges.  
 Mrs Jewett, box of pies and cake.  
 J. Akin, Harlem, cake.

By Mrs. Hilliker.

Mrs Ambler and Mrs Wilson, turkey, ham and cake.  
 Mrs Ferris, ham.  
 Mr Sawyer, cake.  
 Mr Wallace, beef.  
 Mr Paterson, beef.

**FERRIS FEMALE INSTITUTE,**  
 135 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 32d STREET,  
 REV. ISAAC FERRIS, D. D., LL. D., *President*,  
 MRS. M. S. PARKS, MISSES C. BREWSTER & C. E. FERRIS,  
*Principals.* A few pupils admitted as boarders.

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MISS M. BULL, Danbury, Ct., wishes to fill six vacancies in her family school, with children under the age of ten years. The school is of a domestic character, and pupils can be fitted for Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, or any of the other higher institutions. Terms: Thirty Dollars per quarter in advance, without extra charges except for instrumental music. *References.* Rev. Samuel G. Coe, *Pastor 1st Cong. Ch.*, Rev. Geo. M. Stone, *Pastor Bapt. Ch.*, Rev. James Robertson, *Pastor South Cong. Ch.*, Rev. E. E. Griswold, *M. E. Church.* 582-4.

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